

# THE MONTH

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## *"The Conversion of Socialism."*

A DIALOGUE.

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"La loi d'évolution enveloppe en elle une loi de constance. . . . Nous ne devons changer qu'en nous appuyant sur des forces qui, elles, ne changent pas. Seules les vénérateurs du passé sont les initiateurs féconds de l'avenir."

*Paul Bourget.*

---

IT is with me an article of faith that the imagination works in quite an exceptional way upon the spot where a great historical event has happened. No matter if all trace of the event has disappeared, if the long street roars where before was a wilderness or a wood, some subtle influence remains, in the soil, I suppose, to stimulate and quicken. In verification of this truth, I was one day walking down the Rue de l'Université at Liège, enjoying, in spite of the electric trams, a most vivid visualization of the scene when Pope Innocent II. and the Emperor Lothaire were reconciled in the city in the year 1132. The Pope, in my picture, was riding on a large and stately mule while the Emperor Lothaire, a pink Teutonic person with a blonde beard, walked at his side holding the jewelled bridle rein. From a window above, St. Bernard, to whom the peace was so largely due, beamed down benignly upon the crowd. I was enjoying myself thoroughly, and I fear, was a trifle annoyed when a young man in a trilby hat came up and accosted me. "Good-morning," he said, "I hope you have not forgotten me," and he raised his hat in an apologetic English way.

I had not for the moment the least idea who the young man was, but as the imperial vision faded, and the modern world reasserted itself, I recognized in him my travelling companion of a few days earlier, and did my best to greet him cordially. I put all the more vigour into my salutation from the fact that I saw him gazing with awe at the infinite series of buttons on my soutane and my beautiful fluffy Belgian clerical hat. With a view to avoiding the indignity of being regarded as the

minister of an heretical religion, I always, when abroad, make a point of assuming as soon as possible the orthodox clerical costume.

"My dear sir," I said, "I am very glad to meet you again. I have thought more than once of our little chat<sup>1</sup> in the train the other day, and have remembered many crushing arguments I might have used and did not."

He smiled pleasantly; as I mentioned before, he was a very agreeable young man. "Well, why not crush me now," he said, "that is, if you are not too busy. I too have been considering our conversation, and I confess find your arguments on the whole rather ingenious than convincing."

"I shall be delighted," I replied. "What do you say to a climb to the citadel? There are seats on the stairway of the Montaigne de Beuron, and it is at this hour, I think, generally fairly quiet."

He seemed pleased with the proposal, and we turned off down the Rue Hors Chateau together. "You have me at a disadvantage," I said, "for I am at the present moment in anything but a combative mood. I was, at the moment you met me, deep in the contemplation of an episode of mediæval history, the reconciliation of Pope and Emperor in the year 1132."

"I confess I have never paid very much attention to mediæval history," he said, with just a suspicion of loftiness. "I have always been drawn to problems nearer at home, and inclined to agree with Froude, who, I think, speaks of the men of the Middle Ages as constituting almost another order of beings."

"Ha, Froude!" I said, "a charming writer, is he not? Did you ever hear Bishop Stubbs' epigram upon him and his friend Canon Kingsley?"

He shook his head.

"Froude, as you know," I continued, "held the gloomiest views as to the veracity of theologians, while Kingsley, on a celebrated occasion, declared that history was full of lies. 'What cause for judgments so malign?' asks the Bishop.

'A brief reflection solves the mystery,  
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,  
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!'"

He laughed, as indeed was his bounden duty, for it is one of

<sup>1</sup> See in *THE MONTH*, April, 1909, "My Catholic Socialist."

the cleverest double hits that even Bishop Stubbs ever made. "I don't hold a brief for Froude, you know," he said. "I've only read a chapter or two of his history, to tell the truth. But I thought what he said about the Middle Ages seemed sensible. What can we have in common with men who believed that the sun went round the earth, and that science was more or less an invention of the devil?"

"Why, just as much and as little," I answered, "as I have to do with a certain small boy who, more years ago than I like to remember, believed that Heaven would be something like riding on the top of an omnibus, and that Santa Claus really came down the chimney on Christmas night and amiably filled his expectant stocking. 'The roots of the present lie buried deep in the past,' my dear sir, which is another excerpt from the wisdom of Bishop Stubbs. We cannot understand the nature of the tree and what developments it can be made to follow unless we know a good deal about its roots."

"I should be inclined to take the roots for granted," he answered lightly, "and in any case a knowledge of roots can hardly be possible for the man in the street. He at least can't be expected to give much time to the study of mediæval history, and so must do the best he can without it. The plan you suggested the other day for converting us Socialists by means of sociology seems to me, on the face of it, impracticable."

"Not so impracticable as you think," I answered boldly. "In the first place you must remember that at present the man in the street learns no history while he is at school."

"Indeed!" he replied. "I have a sort of dim recollection that we did do a little history now and then!"

"The Board of Education," I said bitterly, "and the various authorities who from their inner consciousness evolve examination schemes, have so ordered matters that the rational teaching of history is an impossibility. The history master, when he exists at all, is a sort of pedagogical pauper to whom odd scraps of the time-table are contemptuously flung. Let him scrape and hoard as he will, his efforts can do but very little. I have a faint hope that if the country gets thoroughly well frightened by Socialism we may see a reform in this matter, and history masters may be allowed to teach a little history by way of providing an antidote. A little history, I am convinced, would work miracles."

Any further development of this pleasing theme was prevented by the fact that at this moment we arrived at the foot of the celebrated stairway and commenced the ascent of its 385 steps. We did it all in one rush, I regret to say, only pausing for a few moments now and then to take breath. Personally I should have preferred to take things a good deal more quietly, especially as there were seats arranged at convenient intervals on the way up, but my companion seemed anxious to get to the top, and I did not wish to thwart him. But mountain-climbing, especially in a soutane, is an exhausting process, and when at last we were safely seated at the summit, I felt that I was for the moment in my adversary's power. I could only gaze helpless and gasping at the panorama of the Meuse valley, and the great smoking city splaying out in all directions at our feet. It reminded me a little of a big dish-cloth, damp with hot water, thrown steaming on the floor.

My companion began the attack so quickly that I half suspected this impetuous rush up the hill was a strategic move, and that mindful of my eloquence on a previous occasion in the train he was determined this time to have the first word.

"I have just been reading a very interesting book," he began almost as soon as we were seated. "It's by a French priest, and called *Un Catholique, peut-il être socialiste.*"

"The Abbé Gayraud," I panted, anxious if possible not to let him get too big a start.

"You've read it then?" he said sharply, but I shook my head and gasped, "A review."

"The Abbé Gayraud," he continued impressively, "points out that there are many different sorts of Socialism——"

I sniffed contemptuously at the platitude, annoyed at seeing him in spite of my efforts well under way.

"And that while some are obviously contradictory to Catholic belief, others are as certainly compatible with it;—a Socialism, such as that of M. Millerand or of M. Renard for example, which permits private property in everything except the means of production, and aims at a legal and peaceful transfer of capital to the State. He says this sort of Socialism has never been condemned by the Church, and that consequently a Catholic can hold it with a clear conscience. It does no one an injustice, it violates no rights, it maintains all or

nearly all the old incentives to labour. Within certain limits it even admits the right of testamentary succession."

"The review I read," I interposed, now a little recovered, "quite agreed with the Abbé Gayraud. It was a highly respectable review too—the *Revue Neo-Scholastique*—which has a Cardinal for its founder. But it also agreed with the Abbé in thinking that this sort of Socialism, though it may not have been condemned by the Church, is as impractical as any other."

"That doesn't matter in the least," he answered, "that's merely an opinion on a question of economics. The important point is that there is a sort of Socialism not condemned by the Church."

"I wouldn't lay too much stress on that, if I were you," I answered. "I believe we are within measurable distance of the time when every sort of Socialism will be condemned."

He stared at me in astonishment.

"It's perfectly reasonable," I replied, "as I think I can show you. We both agree that illustration is better than argument, so let me do it by means of an illustration."

"Certainly," he said, "but I should think you will find it pretty difficult if you're really going to try to show that a thing perfectly reasonable in itself is bound to be condemned."

"Well, listen," I said. "Let me suppose that you are the head of a large establishment in a certain town, enjoying a high reputation for wisdom and virtue. To make it more picturesque, let us suppose it is a mediæval town, and you are Abbot of the local monastery."

"Very good," he said, rather with the air of one humouring an amiable crank. "I'm quite ready to be the Abbot."

"The Abbot, as I say," I continued, "has a great reputation for wisdom and learning. Prudent persons look to him for guidance in difficult cases."

"Very right," he interjected.

"One day there arrive in the town a number of itinerant merchants, selling a miraculous preparation. Let us call it 'Social Syrup.' It professes to be able to impart long life and all prosperity. But the wise Abbot knows that it is a dangerous poison."

He sighed wearily. "A dangerous poison," he repeated. "Is it really worth while——"

"The Abbot," I continued hurriedly, conscious that I had

been a little too obvious, "goes about the town telling everyone the true nature of the preparation, but most of the people are so fascinated by the eloquence of the itinerant merchants that they refuse to hear him. On his way he meets some young monks of his own monastery, and to his dismay finds that they, instead of warning the people, are distributing phials of the noxious preparation.

"My sons, what is this I see," he exclaims. "Are you too selling 'Social Syrup!'"

"Oh no, Father Abbot," they reply, "not the *dangerous* sort of 'Social Syrup.' Ours is quite a harmless sort of drug, and will do only good."

"But, my sons," says the Abbot with some heat, "do you not understand that people, seeing you distributing 'Social Syrup,' harmless variety though it be, will say at once, 'the monks believe in 'Social Syrup,' so it must be all right for us,' and so will go straight away and drink the poisonous sort.' So he sent them back to the monastery with a flea in their ear."

"Very good," said my companion. "At any rate this parable has the merit of clearness. But let me tell you the Abbot would not do anything of the sort. Being wise and prudent, he would not jump to the conclusion that what the itinerant merchants were selling was a deadly poison."

"He didn't," I replied. "He subjected it to chemical analysis, and found it simply teeming with poisonous germs."

"Well now, at last we've got to the real point," he said, "and let us drop the parable. I don't deny, mind you, that Socialism as generally understood can't be held by a Catholic. But to talk of deadly poison and that sort of thing seems to me, if you don't mind my saying so, simply rubbish. It's an example of the ecclesiastical Billingsgate——"

I cleared my throat violently, and drew out my enormous red Belgian pocket-handkerchief. He took the hint. He was an admirable young man.

"I mean I think it overstates the case," he said apologetically. "Perhaps you can show me that it doesn't."

"I can," I replied. "Do you really want me to?"

"Certainly," he said. I stowed away my voluminous handkerchief again.

"I take it that we agree," I began, "that society, in a true sense, though not in the crude biological sense of Herbert Spencer, is a living organism. If it is a living organism it

develops. How has it developed? Lord Acton, who knew as much about the matter, probably, as any man who ever lived, said that we find the development in 'achieved liberty.'<sup>1</sup> That is to say, he regarded the gradual and painful substitution of popular government and its ideals for the chaotic government of a military caste as constituting our main development in the political order. We are not quite so enthusiastic on the subject of liberty as our fathers were, but I think we should most of us regard it as an inheritance of value. We are rather inclined to take it for granted; your social democrat most of all."

"Certainly," he said, "no one dreams of going back to despotism."

"Now, from the point of view of sociology," I continued, "this phenomenon of democracy presents two very curious features. In the first place, it appears as a development to be distinctly contrary to nature, and that it really is so seems to be borne out by the fact that it is only found occurring in the case of a single group of peoples. If we take a blackboard as representing all known political systems, a small square in the centre will stand for the position occupied by the democratic peoples."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing," said my friend, "if you explained exactly what you mean by 'democracy.'"

"'Government for the people by the people' is a good working definition," I answered. "A Catholic writer to whom I owe a great deal, whose works I should very much like to see in English, amplifies it a little and says something like this, 'An organization of society in which all social forces are so co-ordinated that while each enjoys its full development, the net result of their activity turns more particularly to the benefit of the lower classes.'<sup>2</sup> He finds the essence of democracy in this privileged position of the lower classes, in a 'mentality,' if I may use a half-acclimatized word, rather than in a form. You will see at once that, if we take this view of the matter, the area of the democratic ages and peoples shrinks to very small proportions. All slave-owning communities are at once excluded, and with them the so-called republics of the ancient world as well as the primitive Teutonic tribesmen of whose freedom our constitutional historians make so much."

<sup>1</sup> "Achieved liberty is the one ethical result that rests on the converging and combined conditions of advancing civilization." (Lord Acton, *The Study of History*.)

<sup>2</sup> *Cours d'Economie Sociale*, C. Antoine, S.J.



"But why do you say this form of society is essentially unnatural?" he asked. I was delighted to see that he was following me with interest, and paying no attention to the Belgian army which was cheerfully tootling and performing manoeuvres in the grounds of the Citadel behind us.

"The mere fact that it stands alone, a white patch on the blackboard of the history of society, suggests, does it not, on the face of it, that it is abnormal. And, when we come to analyze the ideas upon which it is based, we find them in the most direct contradiction to the conclusions of positive science. This mentality which we have taken to be of the essence of democracy is obviously based upon the assumption that there is a true and vital sense in which men are equal. It assumes that their equality is of sufficient importance to modify all their relations. Now, if there is one fact that science conclusively demonstrates, it is that in the natural order no such equality exists. The atoms which make up human society differ as widely in their social properties as, let us say, atoms of chalk and dynamite."

"Do you mean to maintain that in the natural order there is no equality at all," he said. "I can prove——"

"No, no," I interrupted quickly, for I was afraid of losing the thread of my argument. "Of course there is equality, we are all unfeathered bipeds, as Carlyle so elegantly said. All I mean is that in the natural order the sense in which men are equal is of insignificant importance in comparison with the sense in which they are unequal. To take up my metaphor again for a moment, we may say that to treat men as essentially equal would be as unscientific as for a chemist to argue that all atoms of the same volume contained essentially the same properties, and could be subjected to the same process. And notice, that outside the family of democratic peoples this essential inequality has always been recognized. We find that slavery is practically universal, whether the society be civilized or barbarian, and, though it shocks us to hear it, slavery cannot be shown to be against the natural law. The converse of Rousseau's famous sophism is almost literally true, 'Man is born in chains,'—chains of character, chains of intellect, and so on, and is, at any rate in a good many quarters, at least tending towards freedom. But to explain that tendency we must obviously look for a social fact outside the natural order."

"I see what you're coming to," he said suspiciously. It was,



I believe, because he was so honestly anti-clerical that I liked him so much.

"Of course you do," I answered cheerfully; "I'm coming to the Church. The democratic peoples are the peoples who have developed under the influence of Christianity. The Christian religion is the social fact that explains democracy. I have sometimes heard it urged as a difficulty that Christians are so much like other people; in the political order, at least, they are as unlike other people as can well be imagined."

"Are you so very sure of this connection between Christianity and Democracy though?" objected my companion. "There seems to me very considerable difficulties. Take at random any workman down there in the town, and the chances are that he will tell you that Catholicism is, and always has been, the great enemy of democracy."

"I know he would," I answered, "because he thinks that Democracy leapt suddenly into being a hundred odd years ago. If he realized that the Middle Ages were profoundly and radically democratic, and that he is the child of the Middle Ages, he would, if he were unprejudiced, see reason to modify his views."

He was silent and looked severely in front of him.

"They talk of finding the Middle Ages here and there," says Mr. Belloc, in the most delightful of his books. 'I, for my part, never find it save where there has been Democracy to preserve it.' You find in the Middle Ages not only democratic constitutions, and I need not remind you that Spain, France, and Italy no less than England had representative assemblies, but, what is of yet more importance, the democratic mentality. You find such modern measures as the eight hours' day anticipated, you find an English friar in 'the Song of Lewis' propounding a theory of Government which the most advanced democrat of our own days would scarcely regard as insufficient. The political doctrine of St. Thomas and the schoolmen—they held that sovereignty came from God through the people—was so democratic that I have been told no Catholic professor in the first half of the nineteenth century would have dared to teach it. St. Thomas, with a show of plausibility, but with no real truth, has been regarded as the forerunner of Rousseau. If you want to make a professor of scholastic philosophy angry, ask him what he thinks of the opinion."

"Isn't it rather strange, though," said my friend, who had

listened attentively throughout to my rather dictatorial utterances, "that if Catholicism really produced Democracy it should have been such a long time about it? Twelve hundred years is a goodish time."

"Not in the least," I answered. "Christianity in its earlier ages found itself confronted by the rigid political system of the Roman Empire. It was only when that Empire was smashed to pieces, when society was reduced to a sort of *materia prima*, to borrow a scholastic term, a formless political pulp so to speak, that Christianity had a chance of expressing itself in terms of politics. When it had, in a marvellously short time, it produced democracy."

"Well, suppose we take that for granted," he said, "how does it affect the matter in hand? How does it prove that Socialism is a deadly political poison?"

"Socialism," I replied, "where it does not actively oppose supernatural religion, at least seeks to eliminate it as a social force. I was reading the other day a book by M. Vandervelt, the leader of the Belgian Socialists, in which he puts this question, as to whether the opposition between Christianity and Socialism is essential or merely due to accidental historical causes. He comes to the conclusion, that at least so far as the Church is concerned, it is essential, though with engaging frankness he tells his followers that it is better not to insist too much upon the fact, because it loses the party votes at the election! I recommend the book to your attention; it is called *Essais Socialistes*."

He took a note of the title.

"I find in it the most excellent reason for the condemnation of Socialism," I continued, "not on moral but on sociological grounds. Let me put my case in the form of a syllogism; I have an old-fashioned weakness for that uncompromising form of argument. My syllogism will take something of this shape. 'Whatever can be shown to have been the main cause of development of a not yet fully developed organism, must be regarded as essential to its further progress, but religion can be shown to occupy this position with regard to society, therefore religion must be regarded as essential to the further progress of society.' There, what do you say to that?" I added, with that delusive sense of finality which a well-mouthed syllogism always gives.

He was silent, and I felt I had taken a cowardly advantage.

But after all it was a fair reprisal for his tactics at the beginning of the conversation, so I proceeded remorselessly.

"The watered-down forms of Socialism you were speaking of just now, your 'Millerand' and 'Renard' brands, are pulverized by my syllogism no less than the frankly atheistic varieties, for they too attempt to solve the social question apart from, if not in opposition to, the social fact of religion. Our Abbot could show his young monks, when he got them into the monastic laboratory, that the drug they thought harmless contained germs of disease like the other."

"Well," he burst out impetuously, "I can't answer your mediæval argument, because, as I said, I haven't studied mediæval history. But I must say it seems pretty queer that if democracy is really the result of Catholicism, the vast majority of social democrats to-day are anti-clericals."

"Yes," I replied calmly, "they are certainly anti-clericals, but are they democrats? If my theory is true, what we should expect to see when religion ceased to influence political life, would be first the disappearance of the democratic 'mentality' and secondly the disappearance of democratic forms of government. It seems to me to be verified to the letter by what we see around us to-day. In countries such as France, where the Government is aggressively anti-Catholic, though the democratic form remains, the democratic mentality has gone. No country in which it survived could permit the continuance of the shameless acts of oppression which we see every day in France. And what we see in France must, with the certitude of a scientific law, occur in every country where religion and politics become divorced. Simply because human nature, left to itself, makes for inequality, and when the democratic mentality goes, the democratic form will follow."

"You think the future pretty black, then, I suppose," he interjected.

"No," I replied, "as I told you the other day, I am a confirmed optimist. I believe that sociology and the historical argument, if properly used, may go far towards effecting the conversion of Socialism, especially among the rising generation. I find great grounds for hope in what I may call the Provincialism of modern political speculation. Forgive me if I appear rude, but you must see that there is a provincialism of time no less than of space. The attitude of mind which takes 'the rustic cackle of its bourg' for 'the murmur of the world' has its

counterpart in the attitude adopted by certain politicians with regard to their own generation and their contempt for the generations which have passed away. You will not, I trust, suspect me of any wish to be personal when I say that the country bumpkins in the order of time are as truly country bumpkins and as limited in their outlook as their counterparts in the order of space."

"Oh, come now," he said good humouredly, "that's really too bad. If they're country bumpkins, by your own showing it's the fault of the people who ought to have taught them history at school, and so you shouldn't call them names."

"Why, so it is," I answered, "and it is in the school that the conversion of Socialism must begin. If I have succeeded in convincing you of that I shall regard it as no small achievement."

"You have at least convinced me," he answered smiling, "that a little knowledge of history is very useful for purposes of controversy."

"Well, even that is something," I answered. "Shall we take a turn round the hill and see what the Belgian Army means by all this tootling?"

He agreed very readily, and we went off together in the friendliest spirit possible.

R. P. GARROLD.

## Oliver Wendell Holmes.

---

IN regard to Oliver Wendell Holmes, one is reminded of Goldsmith's allegory, "The Fame Machine," for notwithstanding that his collected works, published in 1891, extend to thirteen volumes, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is the one work on which his claim to remembrance rests. Its companion volumes, *The Professor* and *The Poet and his Poems*, rank high in literature, and his novels and miscellaneous writings find favour with many; but *The Autocrat*, so distinctly original in conception, so full of delicate fancy and suggestion, represents his genius at its highest achievement. In it we have the full flower of his mind, and his permanent contribution to literature, and it is in virtue of it that Holmes has his place among the immortals.

Born on the 29th of August, 1809, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he died eighty-five years later, Holmes had for contemporaries almost all the men who have made American literature famous. That brilliant conversational circle, the "Saturday Club" in Boston, to which he belonged, included Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Thoreau, and Bayard Taylor. Other contemporaneous writers were Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Prescott, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, and Motley. It was indeed the Golden Age of American Literature, and a lesser genius than Holmes would have been overshadowed. His unique qualities, however, gave him distinction, and the universality of his appeal won him widespread affection.

All the qualities that make an essayist delightful united in him: wit, humour, pathos, sentiment (without sentimentality), marvellous psychologic insight, keen observation, and catholicity of taste, combined with extreme lucidity and a gift of style as characteristic as Lamb's. He has been called, not without some appropriateness, the "Elia" of America. He had much

of that exquisite delicacy, that sense of the tears in things, the intuitive sympathy which so endears Lamb to us. But Holmes is more vigorous, more versatile than Lamb. Lamb always dwelt within the shadow of tragedy. Holmes was always intellectually healthy and of cheerful temper. His was a heart at ease in itself. He preserved a perennial youthfulness; a happy confidence in the excellence and glory of this present life; a belief, as has been said, "that as God made us, He also meant us;" and he held to these so earnestly, so pleasantly, so convincingly, that they shine through his writings. His scholarship, too, is delightful, yet so lightly worn that the average man is not repelled. He is often strikingly epigrammatic and aphoristic; he has winged words that fly straight to their mark; and so swift and so keen is his wit that its presence is scarcely known until it is felt.

It was a stroke of genius in Holmes, who was so good a talker, to adopt in those essays the conversational form. "Please to remember," he says, "this is *talk*; just as easy and just as formal as I choose to make it." It gave him all the freedom he desired to moralize and philosophize, to be serious or to be humorous, and to digress, just as his mood led him. It also permitted him to introduce at pleasure those delightful poems, which have an additional charm from their prose setting. He talks not *at* you but *with* you, and this personal touch is very winning, when guided by natural delicacy and exquisite literary instinct. Holmes always preserves the restraint of intellectual seriousness. Like Matthew Arnold, he tried to see life steadily and to see it whole, and it may be said that he succeeded. *Life* is the same under whatever sky we dwell, and, as Sir Thomas Browne (whom Holmes quotes) has said: "Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself." To what fine and noble uses Holmes devoted his faculties: the practice of medicine, and the practice of literature—his vocation and his avocation, two of the noblest professions man can follow. With Arnold, the business of life developed the critic in him rather than the poet; with Holmes the two went hand in hand. Arnold was a critic of literature in its relation to life; Holmes studied the men and women around him, and through them penetrated to our common human nature. This gives to his writings that delightful human quality by which they live. "I always believed in life rather than in books," he has declared, and everything went to prove it.

The characters who figure at the breakfast-table are real to us because he has succeeded in breathing life into them. For sympathetic and penetrating knowledge of human nature it would be difficult to surpass that portion of the *Autocrat* where he proceeds to recall some early recollections :

"I should like to make a few intimate revelations relating to my early life, if I thought you would like to hear them."

The schoolmistress<sup>1</sup> turned a little in her chair, and sat with her face directed partly towards me. Half-mourning now ;—purple ribbon. That breastpin she wears has *gray* hair in it ; her mother's no doubt ;—I remember our landlady's daughter telling me, soon after the schoolmistress came to board with us, that she had lately buried a parent. That's what made her look so pale,—kept the poor dying thing alive with her own blood. Ah ! long illness is the real vampirism ; think of living a year or two after one is dead, by sucking the life-blood out of a frail young creature at one's bedside ! Well, souls grow white, as well as cheeks, in these holy duties ; one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel. God bless all good women ! to their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last ! The schoolmistress has a better colour than when she came.

Too late !—"It might have been."—Amen !

How many thoughts go to a dozen heartbeats sometimes ! There was no long pause after my remark addressed to the company, but in that time I had the train of ideas and feelings I have just given flash through my consciousness sudden and sharp as the crooked red streak that springs out of its black sheath and stabs the earth in its blind rage.

I don't deny that there was a pang in it,—yes, a stab ; but there was a prayer, too,—the "Amen" belonged to that. Also a vision of a four-storey brick-house, nicely furnished,—I actually saw many specific articles,—curtains, sofas, tables, and others, and could draw the patterns of them at this moment,—a brick-house, I say, looking out on the water, with a fair parlour, and books and busts and pots of flowers and bird-cages, all complete ; and at the window, looking on the water, two of us.—"Male and female created He them."—These two were standing at the window, when a smaller shape that was playing near them looked up at me with such a look that I—poured out a glass of water, drank it all down, and then continued.

"I said I should like to tell you some things, such as people commonly never tell, about my early recollections. Should you like to hear them ?"

"Should we *like* to hear them ?" said the schoolmistress ; "no, but we should *love* to."

<sup>1</sup> Whom the "Autocrat" marries in the end.



The voice was a sweet one, naturally, and had something very pleasant in its tone, just then. The four-storey brick-house, which had gone out like a transparency when the light behind it is quenched, glimmered again for a moment: parlour, books, busts, flower-pots, bird-cages, all complete—and the figures as before.

"We are waiting with eagerness, sir," said the divinity student.

The transparency went out as if a flash of black lightning had struck it.

So vividly, startlingly natural is all this, genius alone could have described it.

The religious bent of Holmes' mind is shown in many of his poems; in the *Living Temple*, for instance, which is very characteristic of his style and of his peculiar poetical gifts. It might be termed a paraphrase of the Psalmist's words, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," for the marvellous mechanism of the human frame was its source of inspiration. Too long for quotation, the last verse will suffice to show the spirit of the poem:

O Father! Grant Thy love divine  
To make these mystic temples Thine!  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms  
And mould it into heavenly forms.

The last verse of *The Chambered Nautilus* also invites quotation for its beauty of idea:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

With such a deep vein of poetry and sentiment in him, Holmes was saved from being too serious by his vigorous, virile nature, and his unfailing humour.

I don't think [he says] there are many poets in the sense of creators; but of those sensitive natures which reflect themselves naturally in soft and melodious words, pleading for sympathy with their joys and sorrows, every literature is full. Nature carves with her own hands the brain which holds the creative imagination, but she casts the over-sensitive creatures in scores from the same mould. . . . So



we have the great sun-kindled, constructive imaginations, and a far more numerous class of poets who have a certain kind of moonlight-genius given them to compensate for their imperfection of nature.

Although as a poet Holmes ranks below many of his contemporaries, his lyric gift was considerable. Tender, vivacious, and gay as he could be, he often struck a note of pathos, as in the stanzas entitled *The Voiceless*, wherein he sings of the griefs that die unspoken :

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign  
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
 Till death pours out his cordial wine  
 Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses.  
 If singing breath or echoing chord  
 To every hidden pang were given,  
 What endless melodies were poured,  
 As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven !

Many of his poems have friendship for their theme. He had a great capacity for friendship, and probably no man was ever happier in his friends or so successful in retaining them.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,  
 No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise ;  
 Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,  
 But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

On friendship's tree he hung many garlands which testify the sincerity of his feeling, and the generosity and open-heartedness of his nature, which felt neither envy, rivalry, nor jealousy.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

She gathered at her slender waist  
 The beauteous robe she wore ;  
 Its folds a golden belt embraced,  
 One rose-hued gem it bore.  
 The girdle shrank, its lessening round  
 Still kept the shining gem,  
 But now her flowing locks it bound,  
 A lustrous diadem.  
 And narrower still the circlet grew ;  
 Behold ! a glittering band,  
 Its roseate diamond set anew,  
 Her neck's white column spanned.  
 Suns rise and set ; the straining clasp  
 The shortened links resist,  
 Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp  
 The diamond on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past  
 The thieving years could bring,  
 The jewel, glittering to the last,  
 Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,  
 So loosen, break, and fall.  
 A narrowing zone; the loving heart  
 Lives changeless through them all.

This little poem and one or two others, such as *La Grisette*, and *The Last Leaf*, admirably illustrate Holmes' delicate fancy, and the terseness and finish which characterize his best work. One of his greatest charms is his variety. The things about which he discourses are innumerable. He never wearies his reader by pursuing a topic too far. He deftly turns aside and changes a subject if it show signs of becoming tedious, either from its lightness or its gravity. He introduces pathos in prose with the artistic restraint of Thackeray—witness the death of the Latin tutor, the father of "Iris," in the *Professor at the Breakfast Table*. But Holmes, with his buoyant nature, did not often indulge this vein. As we grow old we cannot help observing that life brings many sorrows; that to many it brings more sorrows than joys; but we can keep our hearts young if we have learned to cultivate a cheerful spirit, to accept the inevitable because it is inevitable; for as the *Autocrat* reminds us, "grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love." Holmes mastered the art of growing old gracefully, and he has in his *De Senectute* passages in the *Autocrat*, with a rare blend of humour, pathos, and analysis, pointed to what we must be prepared to surrender as the years multiply. Mere years, as he poetically reminds us, need not make us old:

Call him not old, whose visionary brain  
 Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.  
 For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
 Who bears eternal summer in his soul.  
 If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,  
 Spring with her birds, or children with their play,  
 Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,  
 Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,—  
 Turn to the record where his years are told,—  
 Count his grey hairs,—they cannot make him old.

In still lighter vein he has many verses which prove him to have been what James Russell Lowell termed him at eighty, "still the youngest man alive." He was always glad when opportunity arose for verses of a social or commemorative

character. *Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ*, says Horace ; and where Holmes was the lyrist good feeling alone could prevail. But he was no flatterer. One of his most engaging characteristics is his sincerity.

I love truth [he says] as chiefest among the virtues ; I trust it runs in my blood ; but I would never be a critic, because I know I could not always tell it. I might write a criticism of a book that happened to please me ; that is another matter. . . . Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that there is anything more noticeable than what we may call *conventional reputations*. There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity. There are various reasons for this forbearance : one is old ; one is rich ; one is good-natured ; one is such a favourite with the pit that it would not be safe to hiss him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned ; but the farce is in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entreating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. . . . See how the papers treat them ! What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, which can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service ! . . . Don't you think you and I should be apt to do just so, if we were in the critical line ? I am sure I couldn't resist the softening influences of hospitality. . . . If I did partake of a man's salt, with such additions as that article of food requires to make it palatable, I could never abuse him, and if I had to speak of him I suppose I should hang my set of jingling epithets round him like a string of sleigh-bells. Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us—not absolute liars, but such careless handlers of truth that its sharp corners get terribly rounded.

Occasionally he felt constrained to rebuke certain faults in his countrymen, much as Matthew Arnold deplored the Philistine in Englishmen ; but Holmes conveyed his criticism so artfully that the reader in all probability did not perceive that it was meant for him.

Holmes was wise in avoiding "the dusty and stony ways of contemporary criticism," where many a worthy man has stumbled and badly hurt himself. *Pericula veritati saepe contigua* ; and, after all, apart from "the thanklessness of critical honesty," an author has better chance of reaching posterity by creating rather than by criticizing. In judging the work of another he may easily fail to interpret rightly ; but into his own

creative work he can put all that is best in himself; and it is only by putting forth his best that an author can hope to outstrip Time. "All we can do with books of human experience is to make them alive with something borrowed from our lives." A vast deal of human experience, and shrewd, correct observation went to the production of the *Autocrat*; and we are all the richer and the better for the possession.

In literature we cannot do without such fine spirits as *Elia* and the *Autocrat*. We need them because the sunshine of their genial nature warms us. "Our hearts can boast a warmer glow" in their companionship. They are true companions; friends to whom we can turn with certainty in our various moods, knowing that they will respond because they are so human. Genius such as theirs is not bound by a continent,—it is wide as the world.

P. A. SILLARD.

## Two Histories of Religions.

### III.

For what great nation is there that hath a God so nigh unto them as is our God Yahweh?—*Deut. iv. 7.*

For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith Yahweh. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts.—*Is. lxx. 9, 10.*

M. REINACH<sup>1</sup> devotes c. viii. (pp. 315—362) to "Christian Origins." His first paragraph reads as follows:

Every history, at its birth, decks itself out with legends; the history of Christianity is no exception. The Churches assert that the legends of nascent Christianity are pure history; this would itself be the most astonishing of miracles.

M. Reinach is thus equipped with a first principle which imposes a method. Christianity is, and must therefore be shown to be, similar in origin and evolution to all other religions: everything, then, which differentiates it from them in kind, must somehow be got rid of. But in this case, it has been well said, "it is idle to talk of writing *History*."

We think it would be out of place, as well as distasteful, to transcribe in any detail M. Reinach's arguments. He will be sufficiently placed when we say that, in his references to authorities, the name of M. Loisy occurs, in this chapter, exactly twice as often as the names of all his other authorities taken together.<sup>2</sup> M. L. de Grandmaison, in an admirable article,<sup>3</sup> can justify the assertion that in this chapter "the preponderant influence of M. Loisy masks a scepticism still more radical (and

<sup>1</sup> *Orpheus: Histoire Générale des Religions. Éd. 5. Par Salomon Reinach. A. Picard. 1909.* The other History is that of M. Albert Dufourcq, which was described in the previous article, July, pp. 37 et seqq.

<sup>2</sup> Loisy, twelve; Nicolas, two; Renan, one; Houtin, one; Augustine (misapplied) one; Tertullian, one.

<sup>3</sup> "Orpheus: en Marge d'une Histoire Générale des Religions," in the *Études*, April 5, 1909, pp. 24—50.

far less well-informed) than that of the new professor at the Collège de France."<sup>1</sup>

We summarize briefly.

As historical sources the Gospels are of course valueless. —To the reputed heretic Marcion is due the first notion of a Canon about 150 A.D.;<sup>2</sup> our Gospels became "canonical" because they happened to be more widely diffused in great centres than the rest;<sup>3</sup> "John" is the work of a hellenizing Jew, a mystical theologian, aware of but neglecting the Synoptists, and never even claiming to convey historical information;<sup>4</sup> "Luke" is "third-hand";<sup>5</sup> even the proto-"Mark" cannot be by an eye-witness; the discourses of the supposed source "Q" are but the echo of words spoken long ago by Jesus, elaborated, worked up, by minds alien to His and influenced by Paul.<sup>6</sup>

Jesus Himself [M. Reinach knows exactly how the Virgin-birth myth grew] claimed nothing. "*Son of man*" in Hebrew means merely "man"; "*Son of God*," "inspired by God." Just as "it suffices to read" the Gospels to see that no part of any of them is by an eye-witness,<sup>7</sup> so all the Petrine texts are "evident" interpolations;<sup>8</sup> Jesus taught no dogmas, instituted no sacraments, preached nothing about sin, redemption, or justification (passages where these ideas occur are post-Pauline interpolations), worked no miracles (the stories are allegories or non-miraculous); the resurrection tales are mutually incompatible, and Christ must anyhow have been, not buried, but thrown into the common ditch.<sup>9</sup>

Indeed, so silent, or contradictory, or interpolated<sup>10</sup> are our ancient records that we are left just where the Christians of less than a century after the Christian era were,—ignorant of where or when Christ was born; of what He taught, where, or when; and of when or how He died. "The Epistles of St. Paul are the best historical testimony which we possess in regard to Jesus: if these Epistles were non-existent, or not Paul's—which has been affirmed, but not proved, it would be no paradox to question the historic reality of Jesus."<sup>11</sup>

The old Proof from Prophecy is become a proof of Mythology. On the Prophets the story of Christ is modelled. Isaiah is responsible for the legend that He was born of a virgin, and (unless Samson (Judges 13<sup>11</sup>) is the source of this) that He came

<sup>1</sup> P. 34.

<sup>2</sup> P. 316.

<sup>3</sup> P. 320.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 318, 326.

<sup>5</sup> P. 327.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup> P. 318.

<sup>8</sup> P. 330.

<sup>9</sup> Pp. 330—332.

<sup>10</sup> Pp. 333, seq.

<sup>11</sup> P. 339.

from Nazareth. Micah's "prophecy" (5<sup>2</sup>) necessitated the placing of the Birth at Bethlehem: because of Osee (11<sup>1</sup>) Jesus must be taken to Egypt. Psalm 22 is perhaps responsible for the entire legend of the Crucifixion,<sup>1</sup> and anyhow for all its details.

Well, Christ evaporates. What is left? Christianity. And what is that? An impetus, an influence, due to the beauty of the legend, now idyllic, now tragic, and still more, to the Ethic exhaled from the parables and speeches attributed to the Saviour. Yet this ethic was but the contemporary system (of Hillel, *e.g.*, or Gamaliel) unsystematized: a scholasticism unschooled, "filtered through fervent souls;"<sup>2</sup> a "tender ethic" on which St. Paul was "to superimpose the sour doctrine of original sin, redemption, and grace, destined to arouse eighteen centuries of sterile discussion, and still weighing on humanity like a nightmare."<sup>3</sup>

M. de Grandmaison asks whether that is indeed the adequate explanation of Christianity and of Christ! He quotes at some length M. Reinach's master, M. Loisy, on the tremendous and living picture of Christ, His world, and His work, which the Gospels create for us, and concludes:

And all this,<sup>4</sup> according to M. Reinach, must be the result of an amorphous movement; this picture, haphazard strokes of ill-informed writers at the mercy of their sectarian prejudices; these sublime doctrines, the treasure-trove of a few lucky compilers. . . . It is to these anonymous editors that we owe—not merely the *Pater*, the *Misereor super turbas*, the *Beati mundo corde*, the *Reddite quae sunt Caesaris*, but the whole of the Gospel of Jesus! It is they who, without any original before their eyes,—without the very existence, it may be, of any original for the Passion-scenes at all—by chancing on a few late disciples, have irresponsibly traced, by a mere juxtaposition of perverted or fictitious features, a type of humanity so true, of sanctity so exalted, that the best among men have since been ranked according to the relation they bear to this Divine model.<sup>5</sup>

Hence:

We must boldly affirm, for the good name of Criticism, that only by forging rules, by arbitrarily recasting its canons, by substituting for its honest reagents a corrosive which no ancient text could resist, that M. Reinach arrives at this chaos of negations.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 340, 341.

<sup>2</sup> P. 342.

<sup>3</sup> P. 342.

<sup>4</sup> *Études*, *l.c.* p. 43.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> Even in his short account, M. de Grandmaison is rich in justification of his verdict. M. Reinach will have it that no Evangelist was an eye-witness of Christ's

In chapter lx. M. Reinach discusses Christianity "from Paul to Justinian." Nor can we any further summarize his argument. The best he can say of Paul is that "here and there his atrabilious genius suggests to him observations of profound psychological import, and happy phrases worthy of the greatest writers."<sup>1</sup> But to what purpose? Paul founds his Gospel on Expiation and Vicarious Punishment—"two antiquated notions long ago condemned by enlightened Athens in the fourth century before our era; no one to-day would venture to maintain them."<sup>2</sup> The Apocalypse is a "forgery" "since it is not by the Apostle John,"<sup>3</sup> but by several "possessed persons" (*energumènes*).<sup>4</sup> This section presents an untrue but not very interesting picture of an epoch: we doubt whether mammas or maidens will find much to attract them in it. Only on one page is there a splendid oracle:

To-day, if there are no more declared Arians, it is, perhaps, because all Christians are Arians at heart. This is especially true of the

Passion. Mark 14<sup>51, 59</sup> must not, therefore, suggest that Mark himself was such. The passage is therefore (M. Reinach categorically asserts it, p. 319) an interpolation based on a "puerile" misunderstanding of Amos 2<sup>16</sup>. M. Loisy, from whom he takes this, offers it as a just plausible hypothesis; and most critics would not tolerate even this.—Why are there four Gospels? St. Irenæus gives a "frivolous" reason (p. 320)—"There are four cardinal points of the compass." But the author does not mention that Irenæus has first proved, *a posteriori*, and from valid reasons of fact, the canonicity of the Four: he then seeks, after the fashion of his time, for an *a priori* reason "from congruence."—Luke can have known neither "our" Matthew nor "our" Mark, because essential facts exist in Matthew which are not found in Luke, and Mark has "many others which are peculiar to himself" (p. 323). To many, that Luke should not have known "Mark," will but make the historical value of the triple line of independent evidence seem stronger. But anyhow M. Reinach's facts are scarcely accurate—he says Mark has "many" essential facts unknown to Luke; yet of the 106 sections into which Swete divides Mark, five only are peculiar to him: Reuss, of the 124 "pericopes" which form the Synoptic narrative, allots two only as peculiar to Mark: were the facts accurate, the deductions are still not necessary; after all, must Luke, had he known Mark, necessarily have copied exactly what he read there, and all of it? M. de Grandmaison rightly cites (p. 38, n. 2) as "affirmations substantially and clumsily inaccurate . . . and symptomatic of M. Reinach's impatience and haste to be done with the business" his statement that Jesus' miracles are *either exorcisms or allegories* [on no hypothesis is this dichotomy adequate] (p. 331); and that "none of the Discourses are reproduced by Luke" (p. 325): later, M. Reinach describes the Holy Ghost as a third god created by the evolution of the *Logos of Plato* by way of Philo, the *Fourth Gospel*, and the sophistical theology of Alexandria (p. 382)! "Thus the *Word* becomes the Holy Ghost!" Acknowledged experts belonging to very varied schools—Knopf, Jülicher, Burkitt, Sanday, Swete, Harnack—are adduced in M. de Grandmaison's pages as opponents of much that M. Reinach confidently asserts.

<sup>1</sup> P. 347.      <sup>2</sup> P. 349.

<sup>3</sup> Again off-hand the author solves enigmas (Cf. Swete, *Revelation of St. John*, Introduction, pp. clxiv, seq.)

<sup>4</sup> P. 353.



Reformed, among whom the idea of God has remained alive: Catholics prefer to invoke Jesus, Mary, and Joseph (J.M.J., the "Jesuit Trinity"), and no longer mention the Eternal Father save through habit. The old Trinity merely survives by way of a theological formula (p. 353).<sup>1</sup>

Quotations from Voltaire have already been frequent. In chap. x. they recur on almost every page, long paragraphs at a time, and on every subject. M. Reinach is describing Christianity "from Justinian to Charles V." We learn incidentally<sup>2</sup> that Francis of Assisi "was in secret revolt against the Church—he refused to be ordained priest:" while in Mariolatry "the unsated amorousness of the Monk and the romantic gallantry of the Knight found nourishment."<sup>3</sup> Voltaire describes for us<sup>4</sup> the origin of Corpus Christi, and begins to share his monopoly in foot-notes with Lea, whose *History of the Inquisition* M. Reinach thought it worth his while to translate (1900—1902). Incidentally, once more, we learn<sup>5</sup> that no one really "showed up" St. Anselm's Ontological Argument for God's existence *before Kant!* On p. 437 Wycliffe and Huss

<sup>1</sup> Although, as we have insisted, this paper essentially is not a criticism, but an account of M. Reinach's book, we feel that even what we have written would be impertinent did we not indicate a few, at least, of his errors of detail. We have, of course (p. 365), the defeat by Paul of his rival Peter, champion of Circumcision. But Peter was won over before Paul, in face of Jewish opposition (Acts 10); Paul claims him as with himself in principle (Gal. 1<sup>18</sup> 2<sup>14</sup>), despite his temporary concession made through weakness. Determined to reduce Peter to a semi-myth, M. Reinach makes him "probably" die in Palestine (p. 351), though owning that "before the end of the first century it was thought he had died at Rome" (p. 366), and this is now admitted with practical unanimity. He insinuates (*ibid.*) that the evidence for St. John's, and that for our Lady's sojourn at Ephesus are of equal value, just as (p. 371) he tries hard to suggest that though Pliny's famous letter to Trajan cannot be proved a forgery, it *may* have been fraudulently transcribed because the only MS. which contained it is lost. His only reason for this speculation is, that "the letter paints so honourable a picture of the Christians."—He is fond of the notion (pp. 368, 329) that Baptism originally aimed at "drowning the devils" in the neophyte; his derivation of the word *martyr* from slave-slang—in which "to bear witness" was identified with "to be tortured," is as fantastical (cf. Acts 22<sup>20</sup>). There is no sign that Jews as such perished as much as Christians under Nero (p. 370); but it is certain that in Asia Minor they actually incited the persecutors. "Dodwell (p. 372) has, as long ago as the seventeenth century, done justice to the legends which exaggerate the numbers of the martyrs;" but Ruinart's Preface has, in its turn, done justice to Dodwell's minimizing.—Julian's exclusion of Christians from the teaching office is given (p. 376) as an example of his extreme leniency; it was really a method of extermination deemed, by that Emperor, more efficacious than the sword.—"Orphism" was adopted by Augustine (p. 385), and accounts for the evolution of the doctrine of Purgatory: but why so recondite a source, when "the logic of the doctrine is undeniable" (p. 386)? These and many other flaws, and this superficiality, characterize a single chapter: in it, the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi* combine to paint the caricature of three centuries of Christianity.

<sup>2</sup> P. 413.<sup>3</sup> P. 419.<sup>4</sup> P. 423.<sup>5</sup> P. 434.

appear; but we prefer to judge of them on the word of Dr. Gairdner<sup>1</sup> rather than on that of Voltaire, and of the scepticism of Leo X. on that of Pastor. These, however, are the main steps by which we are led to the Reformation era.<sup>2</sup>

Luther is fairly roughly treated; yet<sup>3</sup> the permission for bigamy given by him, Melanchthon, and Bucer to Philip of Hesse is sneered at (in a quotation from Voltaire) as the concession of an antipope which the Popes, whom he attacked, had never dared to give "since Gregory II."

Two cases, need we say, could hardly be more different.<sup>4</sup>

Long quotations from the cynical Voltaire describe, not inaptly, the cynical beginnings of the Reformation in England.<sup>5</sup> How judge, however, of the following sentence?<sup>6</sup> "Elizabeth, though very hostile to Popery, *did not persecute Catholics in England*. If she did have two Jesuits hanged, and Mary Stuart beheaded (1587), these cruelties are to be attributed to politics." This passage is paralleled<sup>7</sup> by the assertion that "Under the Directory Catholicism was not persecuted in France:" and again, in the words of M. de Grandmaison, "The whole history of the revolutionary period is told in three lines: 'Though less molested than the Protestants after the Revocation, . . . [the non-juror priests] were, however, persecuted as they had been. So true is it that, in the school of persecution one cannot learn toleration' (p. 522). This pretty epigram covers the massacres of September, the pontoons of Rochefort, the roads to exile and the guillotine."<sup>8</sup> Similarly, beneath "Elizabeth did not persecute the Catholics" lies hid the story of her 200 martyrs; her application of torture (Queen Mary never used it) in religious causes; and the whole appalling bloodless persecution of fine and banishment, and all the Penal Laws.

Voltaire, again, can tell us all about the Jesuits, the Inquisition, St. Bartholomew, Jansenism, the Bull *Unigenitus*, Quietism,

<sup>1</sup> *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, vol. i. bk. i. chap. 1 and 2.

<sup>2</sup> Chap. xi. pp. 454—513.

<sup>3</sup> P. 461.

<sup>4</sup> M. Reinach mentions, in a note, "Cf. on Gregory II. Bossuet, Ed. Gaume, t. vii. p. 540," as though Bossuet agreed with him, which he does not. Anyhow so much modern legal or historical literature exists upon this topic, [see the references given by Boudinhon, *Revue du Clergé Français*, p. 470, May 15, 1909: *ibid.* vol. 38, pp. 224, 179], that if we exempt M. Reinach's affirmation of bad faith, we are all the more driven to seeing in it a case of doubly inexcusable superficiality.

<sup>5</sup> Pp. 466-8.

<sup>6</sup> P. 468.

<sup>7</sup> P. 540.

<sup>8</sup> M. de Grandmaison, *l.c.* p. 46, n. i.

Madame Guyon, and again the Inquisition, "owing to which *silence* has become a characteristic of the Spaniard."<sup>1</sup>

M. Reinach needs indeed to assure us<sup>2</sup> that "I do not share Voltaire's ideas on religions . . . those who may accuse me of having cut my book out of Voltaire will prove that they have read neither Voltaire nor my book; but I shall not get angry over such a trifle."

The final chapter (pp. 514—596) has for title "Christianity from the Encyclopedia to the Condemnation of Modernism." We are even less inclined to summarize it than its predecessors; it deals, moreover, largely with recent political questions; and it is difficult to detect in it any plan. It deserts every pretence of scientific style for the journalistic: significantly the last item in the Bibliography is "M. Aulard in the *Matin*, September 14, 1908." Yet M. Reinach is sensitive, and has delicate ideals: "One of the most painful features," he says,<sup>3</sup> "of Ultramontane polemic is its vulgarity: once enrolled in that battalion," he goes on, "even cultivated laymen adopt the vocabulary of leaguer monks, and *lie and vilify ad libitum*." He then cites with admiration two stanzas in which Victor Hugo points to the Ultramontane Veuillot and his "frantic" *Univers*, "beloved of the devout," "written by bandits": Veuillot in his backshop makes false keys for Paradise: he "outrages all glory, all virtue, all genius," and, by his accumulated horrors, pleasing the fiery, fatuous few, "*il vit tranquillement dans les ignominies, Simple jésuite et triple gueux*." This, then, is the anti-clerical self-control which confronts Ultramontane writers whose "pens are dipped in gall."

From p. 554 the book becomes a pamphlet against the Jesuits. Not unmerciful in describing their suppression—Mme. de Pompadour's share and the forcing of Clement's hands are not burked<sup>4</sup>—M. Reinach can elaborately detail their present *rôle*. It was for them that the "favourite theologian" of Jesuitism—St. Alphonsus Liguori—was canonized:<sup>5</sup> it was they who conceived and managed the Vatican Council;<sup>6</sup> "Assumptionists and Redemptorists are but the tools, and sometimes the *nom-de-guerre* of the Jesuits."<sup>7</sup> Eugène Sue's *Juif Errant* is quoted,<sup>8</sup> apparently as a reliable account of the perils resulting from their influence. "They take part in no charitable works, and undertake only such enterprizes as pay and pay

<sup>1</sup> P. 507.<sup>2</sup> P. x.; cf. p. 592.<sup>3</sup> P. 547.<sup>4</sup> P. 521.<sup>5</sup> P. 556.<sup>6</sup> P. 554.<sup>7</sup> P. 558.<sup>8</sup> P. 557.

well (!), especially schools for the well-to-do classes," . . . "nearly the whole Catholic Press in old and new world is under their thumb; they have *affiliés* on the Liberal press; they have long ago penetrated the bureaucracy."<sup>1</sup> We have been told that witty France has no sense of humour. They certainly lose it who attend the school of which M. Reinach in France, Mr. Hocking and Dr. Horton in England, are scholars.

"Jesuit influence is felt not alone in dogma, in politics, in social life; it has penetrated and corrupted all religious manifestations of Catholicism."<sup>2</sup> And we find sentimental and puerile aberrations of Virgin-worship, exploitation of relics, amulets, and miraculous sources established or developed under their patronage: the eviction of SS. Peter and Paul by St. Joseph; the substitution of the formula J.M.J. for the old Christian Trinity. We need white, gold, blue, and rose-pink idols for the people: the Jesuits provide them, because aristocratic contempt for the mass of the faithful is one of the guiding sentiments of Jesuits, common to them and to their pupil Voltaire.<sup>3</sup> Their "materialistic mysticism" has also exploited the visions of "a mad-woman," in order to spread "cordicism," and the "basilica of the Sacred Heart . . . dominates Paris with its white mass. It will ever remain there as a monument of Jesuit theology and of the limitless credulity of the human mind."<sup>4</sup>

The "mania for pilgrimages"<sup>5</sup> is maintained by the ignorant masses, and "rich society which adopts these low forms of devotion for fear of the social and political consequences of liberty."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 558.

<sup>2</sup> P. 562.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> P. 563. An example of what we feared is found in the *Times Literary Supplement*, April 5, 1909, where the enthusiastic reviewer of *Orpheus* assures us that in it "answers to questions which have suggested themselves to every one are always occurring. Who has not seen the lofty edifice of marble and gold dedicated to the Sacred Heart which towers over Paris without speculating on the origin of that worship which plays so large a part in modern Catholicism? There he will find an account of it." An account! Less than one small page of dates and names, of inaccurate language (un *nouveau* culte de latrie), of innuendo (le S. Coeur de Marie ne tient *encore* qu'un rang secondaire), of abuse (les dires de cette folle—l'idolâtrie des fidèles—materialisme mystique des jésuites—conception de primitifs)! Thus opinion is formed.—Need we say that we hold no brief for the flood of peculiarly bad religious art of which this devotion has been made the occasion, and from which the artistic sense of Catholics is, with infinite timidity, just beginning to revolt?

<sup>5</sup> P. 564.

<sup>6</sup> P. 564. M. Reinach knows the whole psychology of Bernardette, and the whole conspiracy which explain Lourdes and La Salette respectively. His choice of trivial details, and neglect of important points—points, indeed, useful here and there to his

The Freemasons' system of delation in the army (1903) was part of the "mania to imitate Catholicism which possesses even those who seek to separate themselves from it."<sup>1</sup> Catholicism itself, however, imitates its enemies,—socialistic, in this case, for Leo XIII. actually wrote "an encyclical" on the Working Classes.<sup>2</sup> Modernists who obey *Pascendi Gregis* are, M. Reinach sees, intellectual snobs, who subscribe without conviction to the *Credo* of the house where they get a dinner:<sup>3</sup> true and obstinate Modernists he also detects, on the hint of M. P. Sabatier,<sup>4</sup> to possess a profoundly Catholic spirit.

M. Reinach<sup>5</sup> concludes with a magnificent peroration on *Neutrality in the Schools*. Religious education has indeed been suppressed in France: but the truth may not yet be taught. Neutrality thus understood is at once a dereliction of its duty by the Teaching State, and an abdication in favour of the propagators of error.

Not in France alone, but in the whole world, the salvation of thinking humanity must be sought in Education; and if there be a duty which secondary education and instruction after school must fulfil, it is to teach young men, future fathers of families, in what religions consist, when and how they have answered to a universal need, what undeniable services they have rendered, but also what has been suffered by past generations from ignorance and fanaticism, on what literary frauds the domination of the Church was established in the Middle Ages, finally what consoling vistas are opened to the spirit of man by the reign of reason and the emancipation of thought.

His "little book" is to be a contribution to this instruction. Its possessors will not be unarmed before the old heavy artillery of Apologetics.<sup>6</sup>

This book may be regarded, then, from two points of view. It is a treatise on Comparative Religion, and it is an attack on

thesis, argue a superficiality which renders singularly ill-advised his quotation of M. Bertrin's really remarkable book as "*Histoire Critique* (sic) *des événements de Lourdes*." "Ecclesiastical authorities did not let so fine a miracle slip through their fingers," he says: and not a word of that long resistance of Mgr. Peyramale and the Bishop of Tarbes to the worship at the Grotto of which Zola made so much. "The authorities resisted," says Zola, "because they felt the visions were a lie." "The authorities favoured them," says Reinach, "because they saw they could make a good thing out of them." The premisses do not matter, provided the solution be anti-Catholic.

<sup>1</sup> P. 573.      <sup>2</sup> P. 574.

<sup>3</sup> P. 581. The idea of making money seems to the author a main motive of most other people's action.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, note 1.

<sup>5</sup> P. 591.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*

Christianity. While it deals with the Greek and Roman cults, it is full of interesting matter, of erudition handled in masterly fashion. When it touches on other non-Christian cults it is usually most jejune. When it theorizes, or preaches Totemism, or seeks among savages the embryo of Religion and thereby judges of its value, it is philosophically unsound. When it deals with Christianity itself, it ceases to be scientific; the style, elsewhere easy and refined, becomes that of the pamphleteer; the sneers become vulgar, the criticisms gross; it is a Jekyll-and-Hyde work; the vision of Christ affects the author with an evil hypnotism; he forgets ideals of truth and justice, disregards traditions of cultivated taste, abandons canons of careful scholarship; any weapon will he pick up to use against the hated Church. For he is an apostle. I address myself, he writes,<sup>1</sup> to

Jews as to Christians, to ignorant atheists as to learned believers, to announce to them the Good News of *religions unveiled*. . . . That is why I publish these volumes; that is why I preach them in lectures before popular audiences; that is why I flatter myself with the hope that many years of my life will not have been devoted in vain to this work.

Do not let us think that no similar apostolate exists in England. It exists, though led, no doubt, by no such commanding figure. Still, Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* is a favourite work, in constant request in popular libraries: Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P.'s *Pagan Christs, Christianity and Mythology, Short History of Christianity*, published by the Rationalist Press, have had a wide vogue and no doubt a certain influence. And nothing perhaps, is more significant than the constant connection, in Germany, and also France, of the extremest "mythologizing" writers with socialist propaganda: the person of Christ is made the personification of a social upheaval, which really started Christianity: the Church, once full of promise for reform, the protest of the down-trodden against their lords, has failed and must be superseded, and annihilated if still she cumber the ground. It was in the *Clarion* that popular lectures were advertised, last December, on the "True Origin of Christmas;" in another such paper a breezily blasphemous leader on the Birth of Christ caused a priest, to whom we showed it, almost to burst into tears—less because of the blasphemy, than from the shock of finding such things written in England.

<sup>1</sup> *Cultes, Mythes, et Religions*, 1906, ii. p. xviii.

Must we not hope, then, for popular literature, standard works, definite school instruction, positive apostolate by the living voice, upon this topic? *Popular literature*—to meet the popular thirst for information, which will slake itself at the only sources now available, if we do not open others of our own. Would that we had more authors such as those of *The Orthodox Greek Church*, *The Greek Fathers*, *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, whose sails are filled with a breeze which carries them far beyond their hopes. Authors, too, as brilliant as M. Dufourcq and as erudite; as racy as M. Reinach, but far less superficial.<sup>1</sup>

But all this presupposes expert-work, standard publications. What influence would *Orpheus* have, not backed by *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*? Or *What is Christianity*? had the famous *Lehrbuch* not preceded it? What influence will not Mr. Frazer's be, when the popular *résumés* of the *Golden Bough* appear? It is quite wrong that the *résumé*, the lecture, the pamphlet, should precede the authoritative volume, unless dire necessity, as may happen, drives the reluctant amateur into the lists. Popular literature cannot give references; cannot prove what it says; cannot justify its generalizations: and unproved statements are unacceptable save from one who can point to work recognized as personal and reliable, if not standard, in his subject. The crying need, then, of the study of the History of Religions in centres whence our future teachers are to come, or at least the far-sighted preparation of specialists, is surely patent.<sup>2</sup>

Something of the sort is needed, too, we believe, in the higher classes of our schools. A little Greek and Roman mythology, mostly inaccurate, is taught; and that anyhow was not the religion of Greeks and Romans. And in what sense is the religion of the Hebrews taught at all? A very brief experience

<sup>1</sup> Bloud et Cie. publish, from time to time, in their *Science et Religion* series, excellent articles on the History of Religions, which form a series: M. Beauchesne's more ambitious series (Mgr. Leroy's *Religion des Primitifs*, M. de la Vallée Poussin's *Bouddhisme*, Baron Carra de Vaux's *Islam* have already appeared) will be of the highest value. We omit the mention of other cheering enterprises abroad, to refer to the modest series of thirty-two lectures on the History of Religions being published by the C.T.S.

<sup>2</sup> After what we have said, we shall not be thought unkind if we surmise, however, that the time for gigantic syntheses, like M. Dufourcq's, is not yet, and may be distant. A great many errors of detail, a number of generalizations which only a very matured judgment could venture upon and probably would not, the inevitable card-castles of conjecture, appear even in his generally excellent work, and make us wish he had restricted his synopsis to a far narrower tract of history.



has afforded us instances of the regrettable results of these omissions. New sets of ideas, new sorts of books, above all, a new atmosphere charged with new forces, meet a boy directly he leaves school, if not already in his holidays. Here—and in how many other matters—we believe the era of protection must give way to that of preparation: that a sheltered past is little help in the day that calls for intellectual self-defence. But for this, the illustrated hand-books (well-illustrated), the wisely stocked museums, the models, the relics, will be necessary (and certain) to interest the boys; and, above all, there must be well-trained enthusiasm to explain the book and the things!

Finally, why not a more positive apostolate? Why not the "Lectures on Christian Ethics" that our friend asked for? Lectures, scientific, historical, comparative, *not* sermons, on Christianity—its history, liturgy, sacred books, relations to other faiths—at centres of intellectual activity above all, but also, with indefinitely varying treatment, in drawing-room, town-hall, sodality-room, school-room, market-place. Why could it not be relied upon that in our University towns at least, first-rate lectures on such subjects—admission free, if you will, to all; or by invitation—should regularly be given? We understand that in one University town something of this sort was, not long ago, on foot. All honour to its initiators, and most regrettable is its suspension. Nor are we ignorant that much is being done. The School for Social Science at St. Bede's, Manchester, is not only in itself admirable, but the happiest of auguries. The Lectures and Debating-Club of the Catholic Women's League are of a significance hardly to be exaggerated. These are two out of many instances of a good work which is already being vigorously pushed forward. We ask for more: but we remember that the positive Apostolate must be worked in connection with the popular literature; while both alike will be worse than useless if not backed by properly trained and recognized experts.

C. C. MARTINDALE.



## *The Grail Legend in Modern Literature.*

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OF all the immortal romances which are the joy of youthful readers, and appeal eternally to children of a larger growth, there is assuredly none which has been more popular in this country than the great cycle of Arthurian legends. The delight of countless generations in Malory's noble prose, they have for many of us been invested with a new glamour by the garb in which they have been clothed by the greatest of Victorian poets. Whether the romantic side of the Arthurian tradition, as we have it in the pages of Malory, or the allegorical and mystical rendering of the *Idylls of the King*, appeals most forcibly to human sympathies, is a matter of taste and, largely, of association, into which it seems unprofitable to enter. Unquestionably, Tennyson's morality is, in some important respects, on a higher plane than that of his predecessor. But between his treatment of the Round Table legends and that adopted by Malory and the older writers there is one striking discrepancy, which can hardly fail at once to impress the least observant reader.

The keynote of Malory's romance—a romance which, in spite of its endless digressions, is in truth a genuine epic—is the legend of the Quest of the Holy Grail. It is with this purpose in view that the Round Table is fashioned by Merlin; and, throughout the whole of the work, the finding of the Grail—that mystic talisman, the mere beholding of which, by those who are worthy of the sight, conveys an insight into spiritual mysteries—is treated as the summit of earthly desire. But in Tennyson's version of the Arthurian cycle, this element, once so important, has retired into a shadowy background, from which it exercises scarcely any influence on the main conception of the work. Nor is this all. Of the one poem in which he does deal directly with the quest of the Grail, a modern critic has justly observed that "nowhere else in the *Idylls* has he departed so widely from his model." Magnificent as is the poetry of *The Holy Grail*, there are probably few Catholic readers who have closed its pages without being conscious of a chill sense of disappoint-

ment. For not merely does the poem suffer from a defect which can rarely be urged against the author's work—a want of clearness in the conception—but the Grail itself, in Tennyson's pages, has become something widely different from the ideal of the early chroniclers. The reward which, to Malory and his heroes, seemed the crown of earthly achievement, linked inseparably with the weightiest facts of life, has faded into a mere vision of the closet—"the phantom of a cup that comes and goes;" and the quest which, in their eyes, was the highest glory of manhood, is treated as little better than the idle pursuit of a shadow, estranging men from the duties of earth. Although the poet's views as to the meaning and teaching of the Grail legend are not altogether easy to discover, yet in all probability they are summed up in that famous speech of Arthur—in many ways one of the most beautiful passages in the *Idyll*—which closes *The Holy Grail*:

And spake I not too truly, O my knights?  
Was I too dark a prophet when I said  
To those who went upon the Holy Quest,  
That most of them would follow wandering fires,  
Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and gone,  
And left me gazing at a barren board,  
And a lean Order—scarce returned a tithe—  
And out of those to whom the vision came  
My greatest hardly will believe he saw;  
Another hath beheld it afar off,  
And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,  
Cares but to pass into the silent life.  
And one hath had the vision face to face,  
And now his chair desires him here in vain,  
However they may crown him elsewhere.

Beautiful as are the lines, what a contrast is their tone of wistful melancholy to the joyful note of those old chroniclers who hailed the quest of the Grail, even when unsuccessful, as an object to which a man might well devote his life. "Certes," said the King, "we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly, for that He hath shewed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost." For it is significant to observe that in Malory's book the attitude of Arthur towards the quest in no way differs from that of his knights; his reluctance to allow them to depart springing purely from human sorrow at the dispersal of "the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world." The difference between the old spirit and the new is as striking as that between the beautiful but misleading phantom, which

moves through Tennyson's pages, and the description of the Grail and its properties given in Malory's work:

Then looked they, and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the Passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: "My knights and My servants and My true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will no longer hide Me from you, but ye shall see now a part of My secrets and of My hid things: now hold and receive the high meat, which ye have so long desired." Then took He Himself the holy vessel, and came to Galahad, and he kneeled down and received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvellous to tell.

How great is the contrast between this picture and the vague and shadowy apparition of the modern version of the quest—an apparition which comes and goes for no particular purpose, and the exact meaning and object of which it is extremely difficult to discover. It is impossible to refrain from wonder as to the reason of this striking divergence on the part of the poet from the older form of the legend—a divergence all the more worthy of note that, as has been said before, the *Idylls of the King*, both in moral tone and in spiritual meaning, are in many ways a decided improvement on the versions of a ruder and more barbarous age. For grossly as Malory has been libelled by Ascham and later Protestant writers, it is useless to deny that his treatment of certain episodes in his work, and notably of the two most tragic love-stories of mediæval romance, is on a distinctly lower level of morality than that which we find in *Guinevere* or *The Last Tournament*. Why then, it may be asked, did Tennyson, in handling the Grail tradition, introduce a new reading, which not only robs the legend of its spiritual beauty and its poetic charm, but to a great extent deprives it of intelligible meaning? The answer is one which can hardly fail to occur to any Catholic reader who considers the origin and significance of the story which forms the basis of the poem. As every student of that most fascinating, because most spiritual, of mediæval fantasies is aware, the traditions relating to the Holy Grail, however wide their divergence with regard to minor details, are almost unanimous on one point—the nature of the Grail itself. The Grail, or "Graal"—the latter is undoubtedly the more correct orthography—is the vessel into which our Lord's Precious Blood was gathered, and, according to some accounts, had been used by Him at the Last Supper. And so around this central

legend grew up for the pious Catholic a whole swarm of lesser traditions, varying in their less important elements, but all alike in this—that they were saturated, through and through, with the intense belief of their narrators in the doctrine of the Real Presence. That the sight of the Grail, therefore, should impart an insight into spiritual things; that its touch should convey healing; that its mere presence, even when veiled and hidden from the eyes of men, should be hailed as one of the greatest of earthly blessings; all this, to the Catholic, is of course perfectly intelligible; but to the Protestant critic, to whom the doctrine underlying it is a baseless superstition, it naturally remains void of meaning. It is thus impossible to avoid the conclusion that Tennyson's failure, in dealing with the Grail quest, to rise to the height of his subject was due, not to any lack of moral insight on the part of the poet, but to his rejection of that Catholic doctrine from which the most poetic of mediæval myths derived its beauty and its force. It is curious to note that the one English writer, besides Tennyson, who has made the Grail legend the subject of a poem—Hawker of Morwenstow—was received into the Church on his death-bed. Had he lived to complete his *Quest of the Sangraal*, it is possible that we might have gained a work which, however inferior in literary power to that of his great contemporary, would, by its grasp of the central element of the tradition, have attained to a higher spiritual plane.

For the very root and core of the legend of the quest of the Grail is the doctrine of our Lord's Presence in the Holy Eucharist. Eliminate the belief in Transubstantiation, and the story sinks at once from its high level of mystic beauty and significance to that of mere commonplace romance. And closely twined with this central thread, in almost every version of the tradition, there runs that of another doctrine—a fruitful source of irritation and perplexity to the Protestant commentator, whose ludicrous, though well-meant, efforts to comprehend it are apt to arouse in the Catholic reader a feeling of mingled annoyance and amusement—the teaching of the Church respecting the second of the Evangelical counsels. Tennyson assuredly did not share the prejudices of a certain school of critics, on whom the Church's attitude on this question appears to act like the proverbial red rag upon a bull; but there is reason to fear, from certain passages in his poem, that his mind was not wholly free from the misapprehensions into which they are so prone to fall. And this fact is the more to be regretted, as, in the only

other of his poems in which he has touched upon this aspect of the question, his treatment is reverent and almost startlingly sympathetic.

But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark;  
I leap on board: no helmsman steers;  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light!  
Three angels bear the holy Grail!  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

"Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!" In that one sentence Tennyson unwittingly struck the true keynote of the Grail legend: a note which in his later version he failed to sustain, though, had he but comprehended it, it might have led him to a rendering of the story as incomparably superior to that of the early chroniclers as is his own exquisite lyric to Malory's prose. As it is, his treatment of the Grail quest, with all its poetic charm, is distinctly inferior in moral beauty to that adopted by Wagner in his *Parsifal*. The doctrine of chastity is as prominent there as in *Sir Galahad*; while that of the Real Presence not merely colours the work throughout, but actually forms its artistic basis. It is interesting to observe in this connection that a non-Catholic writer has severely criticized Wagner's handling of his subject as remote from "the aims and needs of this world." To the Catholic critic, at least, the thought will surely occur that if he had characterized it as an embodiment of the highest aspiration and most deeply-seated want of human nature, the description would have been far more accurate.

For the Grail legend has its true source in that most widely-diffused of human longings—the desire for a good greater than any which earth can give, springing from the sense of sin and the craving for redemption. Nor is it a just criticism of the old chroniclers to represent them as treating the

quest of the Holy Grail as a purely visionary pursuit, unfitting men for worldly duties. In Malory's version, for instance, Sir Bors returns to earthly life; and the death of Galahad is not a necessary consequence of his beholding the Grail, but a boon bestowed in answer to his prayer. And if the quest of the mystic vessel has its goal beyond earth, in the spiritual city, can that fairly be called an unpractical conception which is in truth based upon the deepest of all realities?—the great fact that any ideal of human effort and attainment which accepts earth as its boundary is necessarily false and incomplete, and therefore foredoomed to failure? Surely if the greatest modern interpreter of the Grail legend had had a truer apprehension of the great Catholic doctrine from which that legend, in its Christianized form, arose, he could not so utterly have missed its true beauty and significance, nor could he have presented us with a rendering of it so hopelessly inadequate. For not merely would he then have perceived that, as has been pointed out by a Protestant writer, the myth is an embodiment of the eternal truth that the road to the highest spiritual good lies through participation in the Passion; but he would have grasped the reason why the quest of that ideal perfection found its embodiment in forms connected with that which to Malory and his fellows was the most sacred mystery of the Christian faith. And the critic cannot but deplore the loss which literature has sustained through the unfortunate blindness of one of the greatest and most spiritual of our poets to an aspect of the legend which must at once be obvious to the simplest Catholic reader. Had Tennyson dealt with his subject from this point of view, the gain, even in artistic excellence, would have been great; for one of the most beautiful of his poems would have been freed from its chief blemish—the wavering and uncertain touch, and the two voices which are so perceptible throughout the work, and, by making it extremely uncertain in which direction the sympathies of the author really lie, inevitably weaken the interest of the reader. And, above all, this inner meaning of the myth, had he truly apprehended it, would surely have led him to an interpretation of the tradition not only more practical, but infinitely nobler and more beautiful, because more deeply and truly human, than anything which we find in his *Idyll*; to the conception of the Grail quest as the pursuit of no idle phantom, but as one having its origin and its goal in Him who is alike the Source of all beauty, and the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

T. ELLIOT RANKEN.

## *Impressions of Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J.*

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### II.

THESE impressions, as was explained in our previous article, are drawn from a bundle of old letters written by various friends to Father Hopkins, and preserved by him on account of their intrinsic value or the eminence of the several writers, or for both reasons combined. That the series now contains all that he received and kept is most improbable, for we know that he had other friends no less intellectually gifted than these, and must have discussed with them no less fully the many literary and artistic questions which, next to the concerns of his Faith and the duties of his priestly office, were his dearest interests and preoccupations. But after his death others may have reclaimed their correspondence or had it returned by his direction: in any case, it so happens that, apart from those whose letters were discussed in our former paper, only two other persons are represented to any large extent in the collection—Richard Watson Dixon and Coventry Patmore. Both were poets of distinction, and both were attracted to Father Hopkins, originally at any rate, by his enthusiasm for the poetic art and his deep critical insight. The letters from Dixon number thirty-three, and range over nine years, from 1878 to 1887. From Patmore he received twenty-eight between the years 1883 and 1888. The correspondence deals almost entirely with literary topics, for both men seem to have valued in Father Hopkins sincerity, originality, and subtlety of criticism, and their respect for his taste and judgment is everywhere manifest. It may be best to discuss the two collections separately, except where individual items serve to illustrate each other.

Richard Watson Dixon is perhaps better or more widely known through his *History of the Anglican Church* than through his published volumes of verse. He was born in 1833, entered Oxford in 1851, where he was a prominent member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, was ordained to the ministry of the



Anglican Church in 1858, and held a variety of small preferments, more burdensome than lucrative, in that body until his death in 1900. His industry, ability, and learning enabled him, notwithstanding the pressure of his official duties, to complete before his death his *History of the Anglican Establishment* from the time of the breach with Rome—a work in five large volumes, which is characterized by great candour and marked honesty of purpose—and, at the same time, assiduously to cultivate the Muse. He published six or eight volumes of poetry during his life-time, the cream of which has recently been edited by Mr. Robert Bridges with a sympathetic and illuminative Memoir. Thus Dixon, like Father Hopkins, although in a less degree, may come to owe the preservation of his poetic reputation to the kindly offices of a brother poet. Mr. Bridges describes him as a man of singular modesty, in whom the exercise of the Christian virtues had become natural, of great learning withal and imaginative power, a noble and lovable character. This impression is fully borne out in his letters to Father Hopkins, where he reveals himself as possessed of strong affections, keenly sensitive to any exhibition of kindness, courteous always and refined, quick to recognize excellence, and generous in praise. There is this remarkable about his friendship with the younger man (Father Hopkins was eleven years his junior) that, although intense, it was purely “epistolary,” having been born and nurtured with practically no personal intercourse. So far as we can trace, they met only once, and that for a few hours, unless we reckon the circumstances mentioned in their first letters, to which we may now turn. Mr. Bridges has fortunately published the letter from Father Hopkins which began the correspondence and the friendship. Some extracts from this will explain Dixon’s answer. Father Hopkins wrote from Stonyhurst, June 4, 1878:

Very Reverend Sir,—I take a liberty as a stranger in addressing you, nevertheless I did once have some slight acquaintance with you. You will not remember me, but you will remember taking a mastership for some months at Highgate School . . . where I then was. When you went away you gave, as I recollect, a copy of your book *Christ’s Company* to one of the masters. . . . By this means coming to know its name, I was curious to read it, which when I went to Oxford I did. At first I was surprised at it, then pleased, at last I became so fond of it that I made it, so far as that could be, a part of my own mind. I got your other volume, and your little prize-essay too. I introduced your

poems to my friends, and, if they did not share my own enthusiasm, made them at all events admire. And to show you how greatly I prized them, when I entered my present state of life, in which I knew I could have no books of my own . . . I copied out *St. Paul, St. John, Love's Consolation*, and others from both volumes and kept them by me. What I am saying now I might it is true have written any time these many years back, but partly I hesitated, partly I was not sure you were yet living: lately, however, I saw in the *Athenæum* a review of your historical work newly published, and since have made up my mind to write to you,—which, to be sure, is an impertinence if you think it so, but I seemed to owe you something, or a great deal, and then I knew what I should feel myself in your position if I had written and published works, the extreme beauty of which the author himself the most keenly feels, and they had fallen out of sight at once and been (you will not mind my saying it, as it is, I suppose, plainly true) almost wholly unknown: then, I say, I should feel a certain comfort to be told they had been deeply appreciated by some one person, a stranger, at all events, and had not been published quite in vain. . . . Your poems have a mediæval colouring like William Morris's and the Rossettis' and others, but none seemed to me to have it so unaffectedly.

After mentioning several of the poems by name and their peculiar excellences, he goes on:

I have said all this, and could, if there were any use, say more as a sort of duty of charity to make up, so far as one voice can do, for the disappointment you must, at least at times, I think, have felt over your rich and exquisite work almost thrown away. You will therefore feel no offence, though you may surprise, at my writing.

I am, very Rev. Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GERARD M. HOPKINS, S.J.

Granting the state of feeling which Father Hopkins pictures, we may easily imagine how well calculated this warm and ingenuous appreciation was to please the neglected poet. Coming from that quarter, it evidently took the Anglican Vicar by storm, and his reply, dated from Hayton Vicarage, Carlisle, June 8th, shows how it affected him:

Reverend and most dear Sir [he writes], I received your letter two days ago, but have been unable to answer it before, chiefly through the many and various emotions which it has awakened within me. . . . You cannot but know that I must be deeply moved, nay, shaken to the very centre by such a letter as that which you have sent me: for which I thank you from my inmost heart. I place and value it amongst my best possessions. I can in truth hardly realize that what I have written,

which has been generally, almost universally, neglected, should have been so much valued and treasured. This is more than fame: and I may truly say that when I read your letter and whenever I take it out of my pocket to look at it, I feel that I prefer to have been so known and prized by one than to have had the ordinary appreciation of many. I was talking to my friend Burne-Jones, the painter, a while ago: who said among other things, "One only works in reality for the one man who may rise to understand one, it may be ages hence." I am happy in being understood in my life-time. To think that you have revolved my words so as to make them part of yourself, and have actually copied out some of them, being denied books, is to me indescribably affecting.

I think that I remember you in the Highgate school. At least I remember a pale young boy, very light and active, with a very meditative and intellectual face, whose name if I am not vastly mistaken was yours. If I am not deceived by memory that boy got a prize for English poetry. . . . I little thought that my gift to Mr. Lobb, which I had quite forgotten, would bear such fruit. . . .

I may just add that I received a letter of warm and high approbation and criticism from Rossetti about three years ago, when he read my poems which he had not seen before. Beside that letter I place yours.

But I am ashamed of writing so much of myself: none is so conscious of my defects as I am. Let me rather regard with admiration the arduous and self-denying career which is modestly indicated in your letter and signature: and which places you so much higher in "Christ's Company" than I am.

Believe me yours, with every sentiment of gratitude and esteem,  
R. W. DIXON.

The intercourse thus auspiciously begun in mutual appreciation continued henceforth uninterrupted. Dixon's occupations were so pressing that we find him constantly apologizing for neglecting his correspondent, but his tone of affection and gratitude never varied.

You must forgive me [he writes in his next letter, September 25th]; for in part I feel personally unworthy to receive the admiration of such a soul as yours; and partly though I have often resolved to write, I have always found myself unequal to it through emotion or darkness. . . .

I have to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your letter; for the generous repetition of your opinion that I have been neglected, and your sympathy with the disappointment and pain which you suppose, not unjustly, that I must have felt; but above all for the passage in which you point me to Christ as the great critic, the unfailing

judge of the gifts which He has given. I have drawn deep consolation from that; it came upon me with the force of a revelation.

You are certainly the same whom I remember as a boy at Dr. Dyne's. . . . I remember that we used to dine together at the Boarding-House; and that Mr. Lobb and I have often talked of you. He knew more of you than I did, and repeatedly expressed his great opinion of your ability. . . .

I am sorry that I have not yet read the sonnets of your friend, Dr. Bridges. . . . I expect great delight from them. I think I know what you mean by "sequence of phrase" and "sequence of feeling," and your observation seems to me truly critical.

Dixon then goes on to discuss the art of Milton, a poet who served as a theme for discussion between the friends on many other occasions. Father Hopkins had formed some theories of metre and rhythm, the exact nature of which one cannot easily gather from only one side of the correspondence. Writing on January 10, 1879, Dixon says:

Your remarks on metre, which form the chief part of your letter, seem to me very curious, original and valuable: especially what you say regarding Milton's rhythms. I should like extremely to see in print your collection of them and your contribution to the understanding of his style. I was much struck with your discovery that his choruses in *Samson* are "counter-pointed:" I should never have discovered this but am sure you are right and that the discovery is extraordinary, and ought to be made known in justice to the reputation of Milton. I have always admired and wondered at these choruses. You must be gifted with an extraordinarily delicate ear. . . . I say with you that Milton is the central man of the world for style: not only of England but of all the world, ancient and modern. . . .

Can you send me the poems on the shipwrecks of which you speak? I hope you can, and the sonnets and other pieces which you have written. I should like to see a piece in "Spring Rhythm." Is that anything of the sort that Coleridge meant by his distinction between accent and quantity? . . .

P.S.—You must excuse me for putting on record another recollection of your school-days which has come to me in writing all this about versification. I remember your saying that ending pentameters with words of two syllables as a rule was only authorized by one poet, Ovid: and that you considered yourself entitled to the freedom of Tibullus!

As these extracts are primarily intended to show what his friends thought of Father Hopkins, we are compelled to omit much that is interesting in Dr. Dixon's letters, his estimates of various poets, for instance, from Southey "who had the smallest

notion of style and the least knowledge of the secrets of poetry" to Tennyson who is "a great outsider." But before his next letter he has seen his friend's MSS. and realized that he had to deal with a creator as well as a critic. Father Hopkins' poems seem to have impressed him deeply, as the following passage from a letter dated April 5, 1879, shows:

I have your poems and have read them I cannot say with what delight, astonishment, and admiration. They are among the most extraordinary I ever read and amazingly original. . . . It seems to me that they ought to be published. Can I do anything? I have said something of the institution of your society in my next volume of Church History, which is not yet published. I could very well give an abrupt footnote about your poems, if you thought good. . . . My object would be to awaken public interest and expectation in your yet unpublished poems.

By the way, I should have told you before that I have no title to be called *Very Reverend*.

Naturally enough Father Hopkins, whilst acknowledging the generous impulse that caused it, refused the quaint proposal to advertise him in an Anglican Church History, a refusal which Dixon took in quite good part. In a later letter<sup>1</sup> he again moves the question of publication—

Should you be angry that I sent your "Loss of the Eurydice" or part of it to one of the Carlisle papers giving your name and a line or two of introduction from myself?

Even this, however, Father Hopkins would not consent to, so rooted was his objection to publication. He was more concerned with the fitness than the number of his audience. Dixon's final judgment of the poems is given in a letter dated March 1, 1880, eleven months after he had received them.

I return your poems at last, having copied some but not so many as I wished. I have so much writing on hand with the second volume of my History that I have not been able to do all that I would. I have read them many times with the greatest admiration: in the power of forcibly and delicately giving the essence of things in nature and of carrying one out of one's self with healing, these poems are unmatched. The "Eurydice" no one could read without the deepest and most ennobling emotion. The sonnets are all truly wonderful; of them my best favourites are "The Starlight Night,"<sup>2</sup> "The Skylark," "Duns

<sup>1</sup> October 19, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> This is the only piece of those named given in Dr. Bridges' selection, *Poets and Poetry of the Century*. Vol. viii.

Scotus, Oxford" and the "Windhover." I am haunted by the lines—

And you were a liar, O blue March day,  
Bright sun-lanced fire of the heavenly bay.

which seem to me more English-Greek than Milton, or as much so, and with more passion. The [Wreck of the] "Deutschland" is enormously powerful: it has, however, such elements of deep distress in it that one reads it with less excited delight though not with less interest than the others. I hope that you will accept the tribute of my deep and intense admiration.

You spoke of sending me some more, I cannot in truth say what I think of your work. Believe me, ever your deeply attached friend

R. W. DIXON.

In his next letter Dixon gracefully accentuates the praise so gracefully given and then speaks of the spirit in which he had undertaken his own historical work, a spirit faithfully reflected in its pages.

If anything that I have said [he writes] of your work has given you pleasure, I wish I could double the pleasure by doubling what I said, for it would still be true. I look for the promised residue when you can send it.

This is a hasty line at last: for I am busy with many things: not the least being the passage of my 2nd vol. of Church History through the press. You spoke in favourable terms of it, and of the opinions of one or two of your friends concerning it. I am very glad to have your good opinion, if of nothing else at least of the spirit in which I try to write. My aim is to get the exact truth, and give that, with whatever colour. I mean that I do not pretend to be without prepossessions and bias; if I had not those I should not take the labour of writing at all: but I hope never to be found suppressing, telling half a story, concealing anything connected with any point at issue, or otherwise dealing dishonestly with materials. This is what I mean by historical honesty; not the having no bias or side. I need not tell you that some of our best-known writers are grievously wanting in this sort of honesty.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Bridges tells us in his Memoir that he owed his first knowledge of Dixon's poetry, and consequently his first acquaintance with the man, to Father Hopkins. In the following letter, dated November 15, 1880, Dixon mentions their recent meeting:

Since [I last heard from you] I have seen and come to know Bridges, and have heard much of you from him, and seen in his Book

<sup>1</sup> Canon Beeching, in his account of Dixon in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, says plainly "Dixon's object was partly to correct Froude's view of the Reformation in England, and he held that 'a reformation was needed in many things, but it was carried out on the whole by bad instruments and attended by great calamities.'"

of your MSS. some poems that I had not [previously] seen. I can only say that they confirm, not increase, the admiration which I feel: and which is so great as to convince me that you must from pure sympathy have much overrated my own writings; which are very imperfect in comparison with yours or his. But I can ill afford to lose your sympathy.

I greatly admire his last issue of poems: especially the first piece, "Indolence"—and two of those in the "new prosody," viz., "London Sun" and "The Voice of Nature;" the two first lines of the latter seem to me unsurpassable. . . .

This "new prosody" which is your invention exercises me greatly. I think I understand it in a general way from your poems and written explanations. But the question is whether it can be laid down or drawn out in a system of rules. . . . I asked Bridges whether the foundation of it did not lie in fixed quantity, and he said that it did, but that much more was involved in it. . . .

I should like to send you two or three poems to criticize if you would care to look over them.

The next letter, January 24, 1881, returns to the subject of the "new prosody."

Your exposition of "Spring Rhythm" is profoundly valuable and most lucid. I never rightly understood it before. I see now plainly what it is as distinct from common and also "counterpoint" rhythm; and it also seems to me that even if it should not be adopted generally (nor perhaps is that desirable or at all desired by you) it may do great good in poetry. . . .

I am glad to see that you, so much younger a man, went through the Tennysonian fascination as well as those of older comprehension. The fact is that Tennyson did invent a new poetical diction: and he deserves full credit for it: but it was a diction that was only applicable to a narrow range of subjects, and he seems to have exhausted it and them.

I wish you had more time for writing: it certainly does seem a great pity, however valuable the other work that you do. I like very much the two little pieces that you have sent: no one else could have written them. . . .

Thank you for your kind words of my own writings. They gave me comfort when I needed it much. I need it still, and they still give it. I send you some of my MS. pieces, and shall be only too glad to have them criticized by you. Bridges has seen most or all of them.

Another attempt of Dixon's to share his knowledge of his friend's work with the public at large is narrated in a letter dated March 28, 1881.

A Mr. Hall Caine, a stranger to me, but friend of Rossetti's, has written for my consent to reprint a couple of my sonnets in a large



collection of sonnets both already printed and not yet printed which he is publishing. It is a very important undertaking. . . .

In my reply I mentioned you, for he asked for any "sonnet treasure" that I might know of: and have received from him a request to send him an example of your work. I sent him to-day the two sonnets "Starlight Night," "Skylark." . . . I now write to ask if you will consent that some sonnet of yours should be published, with your name, by him. If so, will you send him one—I think it had better be one in ordinary rhythm, or, at most, a "counterpointed" one.

Some sonnets were accordingly sent, whether in common or "counterpointed" or "spring" rhythm does not appear; probably enough in one of the latter styles, for Mr. Hall Caine seems not to have approved of them. Dixon writes (May 29, 1881):

I felt very sorry that Mr. Hall Caine did not admit your sonnets; but the loss is his. The more I study your work the more I admire it: and the more I regret the fate by which, as Bridges says, it still "unfortunately remains in manuscript," and seems doomed to linger there.

Hitherto the correspondents who had become so intimate had not met in the flesh, and on both sides a desire to do so was manifest. Mr. Bridges tried to bring them together at Oxford in May, 1881, but Father Hopkins, then a missionary at Liverpool, could not get away. Dixon renewed the attempt in September of the same year, when he heard that Father Hopkins would be passing through Carlisle from Scotland. They were to have about six hours together, but some "horrid concatenation," as Dixon called it, prevented their meeting at all on that occasion. In the Lent of next year, probably when Father Hopkins was engaged in giving missions, they succeeded at last. Dixon writes (April 13, 1882):

I ought to have written before to say how very glad I am to have seen you and to have a full knowledge what you are like. So far as I can remember you are very like the boy of Highgate. I daresay I seemed "shy": I have an unfortunate manner, and am constantly told that I am too quiet: I have often tried to overcome it, but the effort is always apparent to those with whom I am, and never succeed.

We must perforce omit much from the subsequent letters. They are all in the same strain—cordial acknowledgment of the helpfulness of Hopkins' criticism and reiterated admiration of his poetic faculty, specimens of which were sent from time to

time. When the Jesuit was in his "Tertiaship" or third year of noviceship, Dixon writes:

I hope that you are going on with poetry yourself. I can understand that your present position, seclusion and exercises would give to your writings a rare charm,—they have done so in those that I have seen: something which I cannot describe but know to myself by the inadequate word *terrible pathos*,—something of what you call temper in poetry: a right temper which goes to the point of the terrible! the horrible crystal. Milton is the only one else who has anything like it: and he has it in a totally different way: he has it through indignation, through injured majesty, which is an inferior thing in fact. I cannot tell whether you know what I mean. . . .

I think much of you with an admiration that I cannot express.<sup>1</sup>

In his reply from the noviceship Father Hopkins seems to have dwelt on the theme that there is something higher than writing and publishing poetry, even of the highest, and that there may be a sacrifice of talents distinct from the mere neglect of them. His words affected very deeply the strongly-religious mind of his correspondent, who made answer:<sup>2</sup>

Your letter touches and moves me more than I can say. I ought not in your present circumstances tease you with the regret that much of it gives me: to hear of your having destroyed poems and feeling that you have a vocation in comparison of which poetry and the fame that might assuredly be yours is nothing. I could say much, for my heart bleeds: but I ought also to feel the same: and do not as I ought, though I thought myself very indifferent as to fame. So I will say nothing but cling to the hope that you will find it consistent with all you have undertaken to pursue poetry still, as occasion may serve, and that in so doing you may be sanctioned and encouraged by the great Society to which you belong, which has given so many ornaments to literature. Surely one vocation cannot destroy another: and such a Society as yours will not remain ignorant that you have such gifts as have seldom been given by God to man.

Here we must draw to an end for the present, although there are many points worth noticing in subsequent letters, and although there also remains to be set forth the impression made by Father Hopkins' talents and character on another poet of very dissimilar genius, Mr. Coventry Patmore.

J. K.

<sup>1</sup> The postscript to this letter contains a piece of news conveyed with truly poetical nonchalance: "I ought to tell you that I am engaged to be married some time or other."

<sup>2</sup> November 4, 1881.

## "Onward Ever"

OR, "CONTINUITY" IN LONDON.

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THE motto of the Church of England, as stated in all the announcements and official publications connected with the recent Church Pageant, is "Onward ever;" and the observer of her history during the last fifty years will not deny its appropriateness. In many directions her progress has been remarkable; in none more remarkable than in its direction towards the Church from which she separated three hundred and fifty years since, and with which an increasing number of her children claim for her continuity. Whither this progress will lead, how it will end, seems scarcely doubtful; when the result which appears inevitable will be attained, it would be idle to prophesy; but it seems unreasonable to expect it in the immediate future. For although both to Protestant and Catholic the present position of Anglicanism seems impossible to maintain, those who occupy it see no incongruity, and until they are convinced that it is untenable they cannot be expected to abandon it.

The present year bids fair to stand out as a prominent landmark in the history of this "Onward" movement: already it has been conspicuous as a period of jubilee and jubilation. Besides the Pageant, of which an account has already been given in this Review, we have had the celebration by the English Church Union of the fiftieth anniversary of its formation; All Saints, Margaret Street, has kept the jubilee of its consecration; the *Church Times*, week by week, has recorded both in London and in the provinces some striking evidence of the progress of the movement—the forty-second anniversary of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, kept not only in London but in Protestant Liverpool; the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Guild of All Souls; the patronal festival of St. Alban's, Holborn—observed on the day appointed by the Roman, not that of

the Prayer-book, Calendar—of St. Peter's, London Docks, of St. Alban's, Birmingham: these, observed with all solemnity and, in the last instance, with the personal participation of the Bishop of the diocese, are but a few of the events recorded for two or three weeks.

There is thus ample reason for jubilation; for the triumph of the movement—inaugurated, according to those best able to judge, by a sermon in the third decade of the last century—is admitted alike by friends and foes, and is apparent to the least observant. Nothing affords more striking evidence of this than the abject confessions of failure which are poured forth in the Protestant press—confessions which, although often unconsciously amusing, are none the less pathetic, for Protestantism, although now "in bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," was once a power in that Establishment where it finds itself a rapidly dwindling faction. The evidences of its decadence meet us on every hand. The clergymen of note in London belonging to the Protestant party may be counted on the fingers of one hand; the absence at Protestant gatherings of any adequate representation of the Establishment is remarkable. It is only by uniting with bodies of the intellectual and social standard of the Protestant Alliance and the Kensitites—whose leader, by the way, claims to be a Churchman—that Church Protestants can obtain a hearing; the Church Association, in spite of its name, welcomes Nonconformists to its ranks; the *English Churchman* represents the highest literary level of the party, which sinks to its lowest in the *Protestant Alliance Magazine* and the *Vanguard*. The weakness of the cause is shown by the pitiable appeals for support which are issued weekly in the *English Churchman* and monthly in the other periodicals of the party, all of them followers of the daughters of the horse-leech. Such appeals are as rare among Anglicans as they are common among Protestants; who can imagine the English Church Union descending to the kind of petition which lies before me from the Church Association? Add to these notes of weakness the internecine feuds which rage between the different Protestant societies, and some idea may be formed of the impotence of the party. In view of this steady decadence of Protestantism and of the equally steady progress of what has been called "the Catholic revival" in the Establishment, is it wonderful that our Anglican friends should say with the Psalmist, "This is the Lord's doing," and can we refrain from

joining with them when they continue, "and it is marvellous in our eyes"?

Yet, sympathize as we may and marvel as we must, it cannot be forgotten that the triumph, great and undeniable as it is, is that of a party and not of a Church. Feeble as the Protestant party is, it must be remembered that it has equal claims with its rival to represent the Church of England. The preacher of the Real Presence and the teacher of the Real Absence have equal rights in her, nor can she exclude either one or the other. So long as this is the case, it is idle to claim any teaching authority for the Church of England, nor indeed does she ever as a body claim to exercise such authority.

As the public utterances in connection with the Pageant showed, our Anglican friends place the claim of Continuity side by side with that of progress; even among Low Churchmen the existence of some connection between the present Church of England and the pre-Reformation Church is now accepted. The difficulties of the position are obvious. It cannot be easy to maintain that the same Church existed through the respective reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> or that the Protestants who suffered under Mary and the Catholics martyred under Elizabeth really died for the same faith—certainly they themselves were not conscious of the fact—yet this view is essential to the theory of Continuity. But it is not necessary to go back three hundred years, or to the debateable ground of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century; an appeal to the records of times within the memory of some now living will suffice to show that neither in practice nor in teaching is there Continuity in the Establishment, even among the successive holders of the same official and authoritative position. The subject deserves a fuller treatment than it can receive in a paper like this, and indeed is capable of almost indefinite extension; but the lines of comparison between the present and the not remote past may be briefly indicated by one or two examples.

The early High Churchmen who were the pioneers of the movement aimed at the observance of the directions of the Book of Common Prayer. With this object they restored the daily recitation of Mattins and Evensong, the observance of

<sup>1</sup> This is admirably stated in Dr. Lingard's essay entitled *The Myth of Continuity*, reprinted by the C.T.S. as a penny pamphlet dedicated to the organizers of the Pageant.

saints' days and the Catholic teaching as to Baptism—teaching which, though now general, was then regarded as a mark of party: it will be remembered that the Gorham Judgment in 1850, by which the Privy Council decided that that teaching was an open question, was the final stroke which separated Manning and others from the Church of England. External observances were of the slightest, and were keenly resented; the use of the surplice instead of the preaching-gown at St. Sidwell's, Exeter, in the 'forties, led to rioting, the rioters being supported by the magistrates, and called forth from Tom Hood the amusing verses which ended:

For me I neither know nor care  
Whether a parson ought to wear  
A black dress or a white dress:  
Vexed with a trouble of my own—  
A wife who preaches in her gown  
And lectures in her night-dress.

The boast attributed to a well-known High Church clergyman that at his church they were certainly "not prayer-booky," would have met with stern disapproval from the pioneers, whose approved term for the Prayer-Book was "our incomparable liturgy."

The restoration of the decencies of worship steadily progressed, thanks largely to the action of the Cambridge Camden Society, whose early reports as to the state of churches and churchyards, and especially of fonts, should be consulted by those who would know their condition three-quarters of a century ago. How those fared who endeavoured to raise the standard of worship or to introduce ornaments now familiar in every village church may be learned from the episcopal utterances of the period. Thus Bishop Blomfield, in 1840, answering a correspondent who had complained of the chanting of the Psalms at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, greatly questioned "the expediency of introducing that [the Cathedral] mode of celebrating Divine service into our parochial churches;" and in his charge of 1842 "strongly disapproved" of flowers on the Holy Table,

specially when varied from day to day, so as to have some fancied analogy to the history of the Saint who is commemorated (!) This appears worse than frivolous, and to approach very nearly to the honour paid by the Church of Rome to deified sinners.

How little the movement had really affected the country seventy years ago may be gathered from the concluding passage of Faber's *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*, published in this same year 1842, while the author was still an Anglican clergyman :

The Stranger asked me to explain all the doctrines and customs of my Church. So I took a sheet of vellum, and I wrote them all out in columns, in a fair hand, from the calendars and rubrics of the Service-books. He was much pleased with it, and said it was very beautiful and good. Then he proposed we should walk up the stream some little way. So I hid the vellum among the meadow-sweet, and we walked together up the stream. But a heavy shower of rain came on, and we took shelter in a cave which was in the face of a rock, all clasped with ivy, bind-weed, and eglantine. When the sun shone again, we returned to our bank, and I looked for the vellum, and the rain had washed all the characters away. Upon this the Stranger said I had deceived him, that if what I had written were true, no rain would have washed it away ; and he would not believe me when I said it was true : but he was very angry. However, he said he would judge for himself.

So we rose up, and went a long way for many weeks, till we came to Canterbury on Advent Sunday. From thence we went all over the land throughout the parishes, and the Stranger took strict note of all he saw and heard. At length we came to the banks of the Tweed. The Stranger would not cross over, but he lifted up his hands, and blessed the land on the other side. So we turned back again towards the south ; and on Ascension-day we were in a forlorn and desolate chancel belonging to a spacious church. It was a dreary, unadorned place, for the beauty was lavished on the nave rather than the chancel, and over the Altar, a very mournful symbol, were seven empty white-washed niches. The Stranger regarded them with indignation, but did not speak. When we came out of the church he turned to me, and said in a solemn voice, somewhat tremulous from deep emotion, "You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests. Is England beneath an Interdict?"

The movement, however, steadily advanced, and things reached a crisis at the church of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, the opening of which marked an epoch in the history of Anglicanism. The church—then a chapel-of-ease to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, whose incumbent, the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, had already had difficulties with his bishop—was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield on June 11, 1850. Blomfield, in many ways in sympathy with the High Church movement, was a timid



man, and the storm raised by the proceedings at St. Barnabas, sanctioned as they had been by his presence, drove him into the Protestant camp. The church was closed; Mr. Bennett resigned; and—in a very short period things went on as before!

It is instructive to note what were then the ritual extravagances which led to the immediate result. The ornaments of the church and the ceremonial observed were the high-water mark of the Anglicanism of the period. The former were represented by an altar—of stone certainly, and on that account the subject of subsequent legal proceedings, but its material was not obvious to the ordinary observer—covered with an antependium—we called them altar-cloths in those days—and having upon it two candles; a wooden screen with a cross separated the chancel, which was arranged in the cathedral manner, from the nave. There were no flowers on the altar—the Bishop would not allow them—nor on the occasion of the consecration was there the brass cross which stood there a little later, for Dr. Blomfield, consulted as to its presence, wrote: "If it is a movable cross, and not a part of the architectural decorations of the church, I feel myself bound to object to it." The clergy wore surplices, university hoods and black stoles; the choir was surpliced; the service was in the main what is generally called a "cathedral service," except that Gregorian chants were used, and the mid-day Sunday Eucharist was choral throughout. This, as I have said, was the high water mark of ritual in 1850; it was observed, I believe, in no other London church; yet now the average village church throughout the land has most if not all of these observances, and no one, save the peripatetic Protestant, dreams of complaining. I should have mentioned that at the opening of the church, and on festivals thereafter, the choir entered singing the Psalm *Exsurgat Deus*, preceded by the vergers bearing—not a cross, still less a crucifix, but—a staff having a small figure of St. Barnabas at the top. For many years this simple form of procession was the only one observed in advanced churches.

Let us begin our comparison between now and then by a reference to the proceedings at All Saints', Margaret Street, at "the first evensong of the Jubilee, on Thursday, May 27th," of the present year (the festival itself was held next day), "the clergy and congregation having been specially dispensed from the usual Friday fast"—which exercise of dispensing powers is

a comparatively recent assumption of the High Church Bishops. The *Church Times* thus describes it :

During the collection of the alms the Bishop retired to the sacristy to be vested in his cope and mitre for the procession. As he and the rest of the sacred ministers within the sanctuary turned to face the people, the scene was one of exceeding splendour. In front came the thurifer and the clouds of fragrant incense, then the crucifer and the acolytes bearing wax tapers, then the choir, and clergy not in vestments, then the ceremonarius in cope, followed by the vicar vested in a cope with attendant acolytes, and finally the Bishop in his splendid cope and mitre carrying his staff, attended by two deacons of honour, and followed by his two chaplains, also in copes. Four beautiful banners were carried at regular intervals. The processional hymn was the well-known "Blessed City, heavenly Salem." When the procession had returned, the Bishop stood at the altar and gave the Benediction, so bringing to a close a service that will live long in the memory of all who were privileged to be present at it.

Next day, "at the High Mass, the music was Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* (St. Cecilia), performed with an orchestra, which also accompanied with splendid effect the processional."

The use of incense—which would have astonished the most advanced Anglican in 1850—was adopted on this occasion with the express approval of the Bishop of London who, in the course of his sermon, said :

Some of you who have not been at All Saints' for some time, and who are revisiting it at this festival, will find that procession enriched to-night, with my permission, by the use of incense. I look on it as a happy thing that it should be at this festival of the pioneer church that I should be present for the first time at the use of incense since I was Bishop of London. The faithful priests who have for so long without swerving, and so loyally under such difficulties obeyed my regulations, have at least deserved this return, that the Bishop of the diocese should be present at what he sanctions in their churches. And I rejoice, too, that your festival should coincide with almost complete acceptance from one end of the diocese to the other with the regulations of the Bishop both on Reservation and on the use of incense.

It will be remembered that at the time of the Ritual Commission—since which no one has seemed a penny the worse—Dr. Ingram issued a memorandum to his clergy urging the abandonment of reservation and of the incensing of persons and things, and that at a subsequent synod he announced his satisfaction that, except in six cases, obedience had been

promised. The Bishop proceeded to say that in those cases he would have to signify his displeasure by not visiting those churches; whereupon the *Church Review* remarked that the recalcitrants had to choose between the perpetual presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and an occasional visit from the Bishop of London. No one doubts that a Bishop—"a *real* Bishop," as Waterton said, when he introduced a Roman to an Anglican prelate—has a perfect right to regulate the use of incense; but to allow it as a reward for not doing what you are forbidden to do, is as if one should give a child a lump of sugar as a prize for keeping his hands out of the sugar-basin.

But the triumph of the advanced party did not end here. On June 30th, the patronal festival of St. Peter's, London Docks, was observed, "with all the ceremonial for which [that church] is noted." This was one of the churches under Bishop Ingram's ban, on account of the reservation of the Sacrament and the censuring of persons and things. At the luncheon which followed the "High Mass," a letter was read from Dr. Ingram expressing his anxiety to visit the church, and dealing thus with the two points in dispute:

With regard to incense, in view of the fact that incense has been used in your church for forty years or more *I make no order*. With regard to the Reservation of the Sacrament, I sanction it being reserved for the purpose of communicating the sick, but direct that it shall be reserved in the mortuary chapel pointed out to me at my visit this morning, instead of in the side chapel where it is now reserved.

"Father" Wainwright, having read the letter, announced that the Bishop hoped to be with them later, and, having adverted to Bishop Tait's letter in 1859, objecting to any celebration of the opening, thus summed up, the progress of the past fifty years:

Bishop Jackson, while ordering the removal of confessional boxes, had sanctioned confession; Bishop Creighton had placed his official mark on the Stations of the Cross and the use of special Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for Requiem Celebrations; and Bishop Ingram had now allowed those things for which on principle they had always contended.

The attempt to bring Parliament to bear upon the question met with the failure which might have been anticipated. In answer to Mr. Charles M'Arthur, one of the few "stalwarts" in the House, who called attention to the procession at All

Saints' and to the "censing of persons and things" which took place on June 30th during a service at which the Bishop was present at St. Cyprian's, Dorset Square, the Prime Minister replied that Dr. Ingram had assured him that the use of incense on the occasions in question did not fall within the category of what is known as "ceremonial use." It would be interesting to have the Bishop's definition of "ceremonial use," but it is instructive to note that his action in the matter is not even "continuous" with his own decrees. Those who read the Report of the Ritual Commission will remember the wonderful compromises arrived at or proposed between Dr. Ingram and his clergy—as for example the reservation of the Sacrament on an altar in the rood-loft at St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, with a red lamp burning before it, visible to all entering the church, as an allowed alternative to its position in a side chapel. One cannot but be reminded of another Bishop—a colonial—who, delighted to find his flock obedient to his sovereign will, exclaimed :

"Half-way I'll meet you, I declare!  
I'll dress myself in cowries rare  
And scatter feathers in my hair  
And dance the cutchi-boo!"

But the natives of Rum-ti-foo at least "bent them to the Bishop's will," whereas it would appear that the Anglican Bishop of modern times is expected to do the bending himself.

But it may be said that alterations in externals do not necessarily involve changes in doctrine, and are not in themselves of serious importance. This would hardly be urged by the consistent Anglican, who is far too sensible to do these things merely for fun; but he may quite reasonably contend that a doctrine remains the same, although its expression may be different; just as the Church in times of persecution was forced to reduce her ritual to a minimum. Let us then take, as an example of continuity of teaching, the attitude of the present Bishop of London on the question of Prayers for the Dead as contrasted with that of a predecessor in the see.

In a charge delivered in 1842 Bishop Blomfield was sufficiently explicit—it will be seen that the modern view that the practice of the undivided Church is binding on the Church of England, or an appeal to the first six centuries, was far from his mind:

Prayers for the dead, twice immersion in Baptism, the kiss of peace in the Eucharist, the mixing of water with wine in the chalice—all these were undoubtedly ancient customs, if not all of primitive antiquity; but they are not recognized by our own Church, and they are, therefore, not to be practised by its ministers. . . . You are not to take as your rule and model in this respect the early Church, nor the primitive Church; but the Church of England, as she speaks in plain and obvious cases by her Rubric and Canons, in doubtful and undecided ones by her Bishops.

The question of the use of prayers for the dead cropped up at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge—the parent church of St. Barnabas', Pimlico,—under the following circumstances:

In 1849, the year of the cholera visitation, Mr. Bennett put forward a form of prayer for private use, containing the petitions:

Lord, have pity on living and dead. For the souls of those departed in the faith of Thy holy name, that they may have their perfect consummation and bliss, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

This was denounced by a newspaper, and the Bishop of London at once wrote to remonstrate with Mr. Bennett on having "introduced a distinct prayer for the dead."

It is true that you pray only for the souls of those who have departed in the faith; but even this, though not expressly condemned, is certainly put aside, and not approved of, by our Church. We bless God for all His servants departed in His faith and fear; and in the Burial Service we pray that "we may have an perfect consummation and bliss—with all men that are departed in the true faith of His holy name"—taking it for certain that all such *will* have their perfect consummation and bliss, and not praying for *them*, but for *ourselves*.

After regretting "such seeming approaches to the practices of the Church of Rome," the Bishop adds as a postscript:

Upon looking a second time at your prayers, I see that you pray for the dead generally; "have pity on living and dead"—this is still more indefensible.

Mr. Bennett, in a long letter, showed that his position was by no means "indefensible;" but the Bishop maintained his view that prayers for the dead are contrary

to the plain and acknowledged judgment of the Church of England; that the mind of the Church is against the use of such prayers is

clearly shown, by the fact of her having carefully excluded them from the place which they once occupied in her liturgy, and by the condemnation of them in the Homilies.

The Homilies, which represent the authentic teaching of the Church of England, are certainly sufficiently explicit: see the conclusion of the third part of the *Sermon concerning Prayer*. One curious feature of the matter is that Mr. Bennett himself considered the doctrine

was not to be put forth in sermons, or treated controversially as a subject of discussion, principally because it was a great mystery, and not fitted for popular assemblies, and, moreover, because of the vulgar idea of its connection with Purgatory, as taught in the Roman community and forbidden in ours.

What, one wonders, would he have thought of the teaching put forward by the Guild of All Souls? And what would Bishop Blomfield have thought, could he have foreseen that his successor in 1909 would have said—in the sermon from which we have already quoted:

It is quite true that in our own liturgy the prayers for those who have passed away are rather implicit than explicit; and perhaps some day, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the Church will be, as a Church, guided to bring back some of the beautiful ancient prayers breathed of old over the departed into our services. But meanwhile, can we ask for more than is *allowed now and even encouraged in this diocese*? We breathed over your late priest as he lay dead in church here—"Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let light everlasting shine upon him." Every church is allowed to give out in the liturgy this distinct notice: "Let us remember before God the faithful departed, and specially N. or M." . . . I say that no Catholic Churchman has any right to complain that the memory or the presence of the faithful departed are now left out of our services in the Church of England *to-day—at any rate in this diocese*.

Dr. Ingram apparently does not perceive that by sanctioning in his diocese what he must be perfectly aware would not be sanctioned—let us say—in Liverpool, Newcastle, Durham, and others, he is emphasizing the diversity of teaching which characterizes the Establishment, and which, when once realized, renders it impossible to regard it as an authoritative teacher.

The divergencies between the Church of England at the beginning of the movement and of the present attitude of the most influential of its divisions, may be summed up in two

passages from important authorities; and with these I will conclude.

The first is Newman's description of the Establishment as it appeared at the time of the publication of *The Christian Year* (1827).

The author of *The Christian Year* found . . . a ritual dashed upon the ground, trodden on and broken piecemeal; frayed, clipped, pieced, torn, shuffled about at pleasure, until the meaning of the composition perished, and offices which had been poetry were no longer even good prose: antiphons, hymns, benedictions, invocations, shovelled away; Scripture lessons turned into chapters; heaviness, feebleness, unwieldiness, where the Catholic rites had had the lightness and airiness of a spirit; vestments chucked off, lights quenched, jewels stolen, the pomp and circumstance of worship annihilated, a dreariness which could be felt, and which seemed the token of an incipient Socinianism, forcing itself upon the eye, the ear, the nostrils, of the worshipper, a smell of dust and damp, not of incense; a sound of ministers preaching Catholic prayers and parish clerks droning out Catholic canticles; the royal arms for the crucifix; ugly huge boxes of wood, sacred to preachers, frowning upon the congregation in the place of the mysterious altar; and the long cathedral aisles unused, railed off, like the tombs (as they were) of what had been and was not; and for orthodoxy, a frigid, inelastic, inconsistent, dull, helpless, dogmatic system, which could give no just account of itself, yet was intolerant of all teaching which contained a doctrine more or a doctrine less, and resented every attempt to give it a meaning;—such was the religion of which this gifted author was, not the judge and denouncer, but the renovator, so far as it had been renovated.<sup>1</sup>

Such is the picture of the Church of England in the third decade of the last century, from the pencil of one the accuracy of whose portraits has never been doubted. Here is a picture of the same Church as it appeared sixty years later to one who held in the Catholic Church a position equal in honour to that ultimately occupied by the earlier draughtsman:

Contrast the churches of the Establishment of sixty or seventy years ago with the present churches, which are often distinguishable only with extreme difficulty from those belonging to the Church of Rome. The doctrines of the Catholic Church, which had been rejected and condemned as blasphemous, superstitious, and foul inventions, have been re-examined and taken back one by one, until the Thirty-nine Articles have been banished and buried as a rule of faith. The Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass offered for the living and the dead—

<sup>1</sup> Newman, *Essays, Critical and Historical*, ii. p. 441.



sometimes even in Latin—not unfrequent reservation of the Sacrament, regular auricular confession, Extreme Unction, Purgatory, prayers for the dead, devotion to our Lady, to her Immaculate Conception, the use of the rosary, and the invocation of saints, are doctrines taught and accepted with a growing desire and relish for them in the Church of England. A celibate clergy, the institution of monks and nuns under vows, retreats, fasting, and other penitential exercises—candles, lamps, incense, crucifixes, images of the Blessed Virgin and the saints held in honour, Stations of the Cross, the adoption of an ornate Catholic ritual, and an elaborate display of the whole ceremonial of the Catholic Pontifical—all this speaks of a change and a movement towards the Church that would have appeared absolutely incredible at the beginning of the century. And what is still more remarkable is that the movement is stronger than the rankest Protestantism, and continues and spreads until it is rapidly covering the country. Has there ever been a more marvellous change, and this within half a century!<sup>1</sup>

St. George was pictorially represented in the Ship of the Pageant, the Anglican Church, as looking backwards over the course traversed by his vessel, and I have endeavoured to indicate some of the strange divagations he must have witnessed in its immediate wake. His attitude certainly precluded any clear notion of the point he was making for, but we wonder whether the saintly mariner quite realized that his craft was proceeding in exactly the opposite direction to that in which it started in the sixteenth century. If he did, he must have rejoiced, for, although we know little about St. George, we are perfectly sure that he was not an Anglican.

JAMES BRITTEN.

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Vaughan's inaugural address at the Catholic Conference at Preston, September, 1904.

## *Father of Flowers.*

A JAPANESE STORY.

*Dedicated to A.T.K.*

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"On the very day that the autumn-wind began to blow, I set out for the shallows of the River of Heaven;—I pray you, tell my lord that I am waiting here still!"

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*From the Japanese.*

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MOSAKU, an old gardener, moved about very slowly in the garden that he loved so well. Now he tottered over a bridge to prune the branch of a pine-tree; now he bent close to the ground and performed some loving operation there. That old man in his sombre robe presented an interesting study. There was nothing perfunctory in his movements. He did everything with a slow grace of his own, and his face, so often bright with smiles, revealed to the discerning that he performed his labours rather in honour to the garden than because he was paid for looking after it.

Mosaku paused. "Father of Flowers has finished for to-night," he said softly. It was a quaint saying he always made at this time of the day. Children had called him Father of Flowers, and he loved the name.

The old man sat down on the Stone of Easy Rest. He felt it was good after his day's work to sit and look at his master's garden. Gardening to him was the very soul of his existence. He never tired of looking at the lake with its small pine-covered islands, at the miniature pagodas or stone lanterns, everything was dear to him there.

Presently Father of Flowers thrust a wrinkled hand into his robe. He performed this action as if he were a child about to discover some new and delightful toy. He pulled out a black lacquer tray and little sieve.

"Now then, you wild duck's feather and you, *yosaita*, why aren't you honourably pleased to come out?"

Mosaku chuckled and wriggled. When the brown wrinkled hand came out again it held a feather and a small wooden instrument shaped like a toy oar.

So intent was he that he did not see the daughter of the house, O-Yuki, softly coming to him over the white stepping-stones. She paused just behind him, pressed her naturally small mouth almost to a vanishing point, and looked over his shoulder with the utmost curiosity. Still Father of Flowers did not see her. He was evidently extremely happy as he bent to one side and took up some little bags.

This added mystery was too much for O-Yuki. "Oh, you wicked old Father of Flowers," she said, laughing, "you're going to count your *yen* and your *sen*!" And O-Yuki flung her arms tightly round the old man's head.

"No, no, little one. Not money. Just little bags of sand and stone. I was going to make *bon-kei*—if—if you hadn't come, O-Yuki."

"I've never, never seen you make *bon-kei* before. Will you please begin? I'll be so silent and so small that you'll forget I'm watching you."

Father of Flowers tried to excuse himself. He said, with a very solemn face, that they were such poor, miserable efforts, these pictures in sand and stone.

"You talk like that about this garden," said O-Yuki triumphantly, "and it is the most beautiful garden in the world."

The old man turned round with an intensely happy expression upon his face. "And you really think so? Ah! that is good news for Father of Flowers. This garden is just like a wife and children to me. Can you see those blue hydrangea over there? They are my little children in blue *kimono*, my grandchildren. That cluster of peony is my eldest daughter."

"How quaint you are, dear old Father of Flowers! Now tell me what represents your wife? Is she that beautiful tree of wistaria over there with long lavender blossoms almost touching the water?"

"No," said Mosaku, "you forget my wife would be old. No, that old pine-tree is my wife. She's always cheerful with her green needles. Winter or summer she's just the same, O-Yuki. Look at her! Gnarled as I am, and rugged and bent. But she's weathered the storm, little one, she's weathered the storm. I see such comeliness and beauty in that bent figure

of hers. It was bent in doing the day's work well, bent in loving and serving me. Yes, O-Yuki, that's my wife, strong and true till she falls."

O-Yuki looked at the old man. "Father of Flowers, I see tears in your eyes. What were you thinking about?"

Mosaku opened his eyes very wide, and then shut them quickly. "I was thinking," said he, "just thinking. See, I will make you a *bon-kei*."

Father of Flowers held the little sand-filled sieve over the lacquer tray. Then with deft fingers he ran the feather over the fine sand, and lo! there were little waves. Now there was an island. A few quick movements and Mosaku's *yosèita* had made a wonderful picture of the island of Enoshima, with a little junk sailing away in the distance.

O-Yuki clapped her hands with delight. "Father of Flowers, you're a very wonderful old man. Oh, it *is* pretty! How well you've made the baby waves. Enoshima——"

"Yes,—Enoshima," said Mosaku, more to himself than to his visitor. "Enoshima, the place where most beautiful stones come from, the place where the sea washes old gods and goddesses, where the waves take their divine whisperings, run with them up the shore, and leave them in the pink recess of some shell. Enoshima! Ah, it was so—so beautiful then!"

The old man's head sank down on his chest and his hands worked convulsively.

"Father of Flowers," said O-Yuki very tenderly, "you have done too much work to-day. I shall have to ask father not to let you work any more."

The old man's head suddenly became erect, the eyes flashed and the mouth showed a determined line. "Not let me work any more? I am a poor old gardener, little one, just running to seed—only the seed won't grow up when I'm gone! I'm very slow now. I can't hear the cascades falling as I used to do. But my eyes are sharp and keen. Let me go on working, because my working is loving, and I can't live without it. Just feel my arm? Hard as the branch of a pine-tree, isn't it?"

O-Yuki felt the shaking arm held out towards her. It was hard, truly, but oh, so small! O-Yuki did not tell him this. "Dear Father of Flowers, you would honour us by always sitting in our garden."

"Little one, if I only did that I should be without honour in the sight of the garden! Ah, you do not know the garden as I know it. The promises I've made—Enoshima!"

"Yes—Enoshima," said O-Yuki, softly rubbing her little hand against the old man's brown one. "Haven't you something to tell me about Enoshima?"

"Just a little. But it is very sad, and I don't want you to remember Father of Flowers as a sad old man."

"No, you're not a sad old man. You are very happy. I have often heard you singing, and nearly always you have a smile on your face."

"It's a little love-story——"

O-Yuki drew close to Father of Flowers and rested her head against his shoulder. "Oh, dear old man, I *knew* you had a love-story tucked away somewhere. Every one with a kind heart has. Please go on."

"It's a little love-story just as short as *tanka*. When I was a young man I used to know a maiden called O-Sono. Now O-Sono was passionately fond of flowers. She would talk to flowers and trees for hours together. Almost I think she loved them more than she loved me. We often used to go together to the island of Enoshima. How beautiful it was to slowly row her there, spend the whole day upon the island, and then, with purple mists over the sea, to take her home again. One day, when azaleas covered part of the island with a red carpet, I saw O-Sono suddenly put her hands to her head, give a little cry and fall forward. Something went wrong inside her little head. Sunstroke it was, and when she looked at me again there was a strange fire in her eyes, and her laugh had the wild ring of sea-birds about it. I still took her to Enoshima. There were days when her madness was scarcely noticeable, days when she would lie, a little tired woman, in my arms. And there were other days—oh, how can I speak of them?—when she said terrible things, and ran among the maple-trees and said their bright scarlet leaves would burn her to death! But all the time O-Sono still loved flowers, and all the time I loved her with a great sorrowful love. People laughed at me, and thought I was very foolish to still love one who had gone mad. But you see I had other thoughts, and the old days when O-Sono was quite well were days I never could forget.

"The very day arranged for our marriage she disappeared. I found her myself. She had rowed to Enoshima. I saw her curled up like a big silk ball, a big silk ball half hidden with scarlet maple leaves. I called her name over and over again. I

told her I would forgive her running away. I sang her a favourite song. But she did not move. And presently I found that O-Sono was dead. Round her neck she had hung these words, 'Be good to the flowers, Mosaku.'

"And so, little one, the years went by, and I hid my romance deep down in my heart. I only had one thing to live for, to fulfil my loved one's last message. I have been a gardener for ever so many years. And all the time when I am bending over my work I seem to hear, 'Be good to the flowers, Mosaku.' Now you understand, O-Yuki, why I want to go on working. You see if I stopped working I shouldn't be carrying out O-Sono's wish, should I?"

O-Yuki withdrew herself from Father of Flowers, and without a word she crept away with a half-stifled sob. And when Mosaku chanced to look at his *bon-kei*, he saw the marks of her tears.

That night it happened that the moon was full. O-Yuki could not sleep. She kept on thinking about Father of Flowers, and pictured him in his home sleeping soundly after his day's work. At last O-Yuki grew too restless to lie upon the *futon*. She got up and wandered out into the moonlit garden.

All was wonderfully still, wonderfully full of peace. The moon had touched the little cascades into quivering silver and seemed for the moment to have blotted out all the colour in the flowers.

Close by the Stone of Easy Rest there were clusters of scarlet azaleas. O-Yuki looked towards them and started with a little cry of horror. There was some brown figure lying in the midst of the blossom.

O-Yuki drew close. She pressed one hand hard against her bosom. In another moment she was on her knees.

"Father of Flowers, have you fallen asleep? Were you so tired? Father of Flowers, please wake up. The garden wants you, I want you—oh, so much!"

But the old man did not move. There was a wonderful smile on his face. All the wrinkles had gone. There was such a promise of a new spring in his peaceful face.

"Father of Flowers! Oh, my Father of Flowers!"

O-Yuki gathered the scarlet blossoms and laid them gently on the silent form. "All yours, these flowers,—you who were called Father of Flowers. You have fulfilled O-Sono's wish."

O-Yuki raised her wet eyes. Over the little bridge, by a branch of the great pine-tree, she seemed to see the soul of Father of Flowers, and with him a little woman. O-Yuki watched the smiling face looking up from the scarlet blossom. "Oh, Father of Flowers, all is well with you now! You have passed out of this garden into another where the flowers never fade."

F. HADLAND DAVIS.



### *Clerical Celibacy in the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

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IN Father Sydney Smith's sympathetic article on the English Church Pageant which appeared in the last number of this Review, some remarks have already been made upon one scene there represented which introduced St. Dunstan, St. Æthelwold, and the Canons of Winchester. It may be remembered that St. Æthelwold was depicted as carrying out a policy hostile to the married Canons, and as compelling them either to become monks by the adoption of the Benedictine habit and Rule, or else to submit to be deprived of their benefices for good and all. To St. Dunstan further was assigned the rôle of an arbiter, who, after much hesitation as to the wisdom and rightfulness of enforcing a policy of celibacy, is finally persuaded by the story of a miraculous dream to lend his support to the uncompromising measures of St. Æthelwold. Prescinding for a moment from the historical problem raised by this particular incident, it seems worth while to devote some little attention to the more general question of the practice of celibacy in the Anglo-Saxon Church. The matter is one to which, somewhat unreasonably, much controversial importance has often been attached, and about which many misunderstandings seem to be current.

Amongst non-Catholic historians generally the view has long been insisted on that the Anglo-Saxon clergy were not celibate. Beginning with Kemble, or still further back with Hume and Rapin, and coming down to such recent authorities as Dr. Hunt, Mr. Wakeman, and Sir James Ramsay, all with one voice tell us that the Anglo-Saxon parish priest was not in any way bound to lead a life of chastity. For some reason or other no attempt is usually made to distinguish between that which was prohibited *de jure* and that which actually happened *de facto*, neither is any difference recognized between one period and another. We are told simply that the Anglo-Saxon Church possessed a married clergy. Indeed, not a few writers who as a

rule are neither reckless nor irresponsible, go so far as to maintain that the "wives" of the clergy continued to hold a recognized position in England throughout the Middle Ages. Upon this latter extreme position it may be worth while to speak more at length on some future occasion, but my present concern is only with our native ecclesiastics before the Conquest. What is the truth about them? Is it in any way correct to assert that their marriage was no bar to ordination, and that after receiving Orders they were allowed to retain their wives?

Before making any attempt to answer this question it may be useful to say a few words concerning the discipline of the Church regarding celibacy in still earlier ages. It has been maintained by some rather rash and extreme defenders of our actual practice that, despite the language of St. Paul,<sup>1</sup> the present law was enforced from the beginning, and that the marriage of the clergy has always been regarded as severely forbidden. Without embarking upon any discussion of certain famous moot points, *e.g.*, the incident of Paphnutius at the Council of Nicæa as recorded by the historian Socrates, it will be sufficient to note that all the more reliable modern Catholic authorities, *e.g.*, Bishop von Hefele, Funk, Kraus, Leclercq, &c., are agreed that the prevailing discipline has only been of gradual introduction. In many parts of the East it has never been considered contrary to the canons that the ordinary secular clergy should retain their wives if they were married before their ordination, though at the same time many restrictions have been imposed, restrictions which still subsist both in the Orthodox Græco-Russian communion, and also among the Uniats, who recognize the authority of the Holy See. In the West there can be little doubt that in the early centuries there was considerable difference of opinion and practice. Even before the general toleration of Christianity, introduced by the edict of Constantine, the Spanish Council of Elvira (c. A.D. 300) imposed celibacy upon the three higher orders of the clergy—Bishops, priests, and deacons. Still, this was only a local ordinance, and, as we learn from St. Ambrose and others, it was certainly not universally respected in practice, while various teachers, generally men of doubtful orthodoxy, opposed the principle without apology or disguise. Much more authoritative was the vigorous manifesto of Pope Siricius about the year 386. He distinctly laid down that priests after ordination

<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. iii. 2, 12; Titus i. 6.

could no longer be allowed to live in wedlock like the laity, and after his time one Pope after another, and notably such men as Innocent I. and Leo the Great, continually recurred to the same point. On two questions only can it be said that the teaching prevalent in the West was in any way doubtful or vacillating. First, it was not until some time later that a final conclusion was arrived at with regard to the obligation of subdeacons in the matter of celibacy, and, secondly, there can be no doubt that in many places married men who were promoted to the higher Orders were at first allowed to retain their wives in their own houses, though it was distinctly understood that they were to treat them no longer as wives, but as sisters. With regard, however, to the main point at issue, the opinion expressed by the great Christian Fathers of the Latin Church was practically unanimous. "As a rule," remarks the Anglican Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury, "the great writers of the fourth and fifth century pressed celibacy as the more excellent way with an unfair and misleading emphasis which led to the gravest moral mischief and loss of power in the Church."<sup>1</sup> This is an important admission, coming as it does from so prejudiced a source, and it can hardly be doubted that these utterances of the Fathers, supported by numberless and most unequivocal decrees of provincial councils, brought about a clear acceptance of the position that the enjoyment of the privileges of wedlock by the clergy was "contrary to the canons." So far as I can perceive, after a careful study of the evidence, there is no shadow of reason for saying that this principle of sacerdotal celibacy was less clearly recognized in England than elsewhere on the Continent. Indeed, when one studies the language of the more weighty and responsible authorities on the Anglican side who have really examined the question for themselves, men, for example, like Bishop Stubbs or Dr. Bright, or even Dr. Hunt, one finds that they express themselves with extreme caution. For the most part they omit all reference to the matter of canonical principle, but they are content with the statement that in point of fact the Anglo-Saxon clergy were most of them married, which is of course a different matter altogether.

Unfortunately, the more popular historians who make it their first duty to convince their fellow-Anglicans that the existing Church of England is one in spirit and practice with that before the Conquest as well as before the Reformation, by

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, *The Ministry of Grace*, p. 223.

no means practise the same reserve. For example, in the *Penny History of the Church of England*, by Dr. Augustus Jessopp, a work which must have been heavily subsidized by the S.P.C.K., and which has sold by tens of thousands, one finds the statement :

The English clergy in the ninth century were for the most part married men ; it was otherwise with those who on the Continent were in strict communion with Rome.

Dr. Jessopp is an eminent and able writer who must necessarily claim courteous treatment, but it is impossible to pass over such an assertion without emphatic protest. What shred of evidence has ever been produced to establish this distinction between the ecclesiastical discipline of England and the Continent? If complaints are made of the laxity of the English clergy, exactly the same complaints were made of the laxity of those under Carlovingian rule, and the principle of celibacy, as has been already said, and as I hope to prove, was fully recognized in all the authoritative pronouncements of the English Church.

\*Again, *The Book of the English Church Pageant*, which a few weeks ago was in the hands of almost every visitor to Fulham Palace, states regarding the secular Canons of Winchester in 964 :

The inhabitants of the monastic houses at the time of the scene were known as canons, that is, men living under a rule, but the rule was of so little stringency that it did not forbid them to marry or own private property.

One can only wonder how the writer of this knows that the "rule" under which the Winchester Canons lived did not forbid them to marry. It must have been singularly unlike all other canonical rules, English or foreign, of which any traces have been preserved to us.

Not less boldly does Mr. Wakeman write of the Anglo-Saxon priests of the tenth century.

In all probability the bulk of the parish clergy were married before ordination, as they invariably are in the present day in the Orthodox Church. The irruption of the northern barbarians, however, made a great difference. . . . In some parts of the Western Church,<sup>1</sup> and apparently in England, it became not uncommon for priests to marry even after ordination. Celibacy certainly became the exception rather

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to note the implied contradiction between this and Dr. Jessopp's statement quoted above.

than the rule. . . . The disinclination to accept a severe ideal was their characteristic. For them, therefore, or for the best of them, a policy of clerical celibacy, put forward as a standard attainable by some, and not as a rule to be obeyed by all, was in a high degree desirable. This is just what Dunstan and his friends endeavoured to do. They put no disability on clerical marriage, they even recognized it as existing and likely to exist in their legislation, but they steadily encouraged celibacy, and tried thus to teach the clergy voluntarily to place themselves under a higher law of discipline.<sup>1</sup>

It would be very interesting to know what enactment of the Anglo-Saxon Witan or of the synods of the tenth century, Mr. Wakeman would appeal to to justify the statement that Dunstan and his friends "put no disability on clerical marriage, but even recognized it as existing and likely to exist in their legislation." I can only say that this very important piece of evidence seems to have escaped the notice, not only of such writers as Kemble and Lingard, but of all others who have written since Mr. Wakeman's History appeared. Meanwhile, before we address ourselves more directly to the legislative enactments which we all know to exist, it may be worth while to quote a very different appreciation by an American writer who, while steeped in a first-hand acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon literature, is not bound by ties of allegiance to either the Roman or the Anglican Church.

First [says Dr. C. L. White], the religious and moral influence of the clergy was to a considerable extent degrading, not elevating. Following the teaching of St. Gregory, the clergy of the English Church, except the orders below the priest [*lege* subdeacon] were celibate from its foundation, and so continued until the devastation of the Danes broke up the religious houses and scattered the monks and the secular clergy. At the time when Dunstan began his work many of the officiating priests had asserted their right to marry, and had married, though not legally, of course, for they could not marry legally. Furthermore the immoral position in which they were thus placed, made it easy for them to take the next step and divorce one wife for another whenever they chose to do so. This practice had grown out of the demoralized state of the country and the dissoluteness of life which followed the overthrow of almost all the centres of religion and culture. The practice resulted not from a conviction of its reasonableness, but from a desire to be free from restraint. The same irksomeness of restraint made the services of the Church distasteful, and the priests who drew the revenues often performed their Church duties by proxy. In the

<sup>1</sup> Wakeman, *History of the Church of England*, p. 71.

monasteries and cathedral establishments the services were now performed by the secular clergy, often men of dissolute lives. No more severe commentary on the Church of that day can be found, than the laws of the State and the canons of the Church issued in respect to the clergy.<sup>1</sup>

It will, of course, be understood that I by no means accept or endorse the inferences which the writer draws from the facts stated, but this clear enunciation of the principle that in England, as well as in the rest of the Latin Church, the marriage of priests in the tenth century was unlawful, presents a grateful contrast to the various subterfuges by which so many Anglican historians try to get away from a perfectly plain conclusion. So, too, the strong reprobation of the character and motives of the married clergy represents the judgment which must be drawn by any straightforward person who studies the accounts given by the biographers of Dunstan, Æthelwold, and their contemporaries. The same candid writer says elsewhere :

There was a strong faction in England in favour of clerical marriage, and this party, many of whom hated the moral life advocated by the reformers, was ready to use any opportunity to bring back the old condition of things. When we remember that that condition was the one which had had sway for a hundred years or more, the strength of the opposition is not to be wondered at, and we see why Ælfric, who believed that it was contrary to Christ's teaching for priests to marry, was forced to say in his pastoral letter for secular clergy, "we cannot compel you, but we exhort you to chastity."<sup>2</sup> . . . Yet whatever of right the secular clergy had on their side in this struggle, whether derived from the customs of the past or from the inherent reasonableness of their position in regard to marriage, its weight as an argument was counteracted by their general disregard for religion and education, and by the shocking coarseness and immorality of their lives. . . . The moral earnestness, so far as the records tell us, was all on the side of the reformers who favoured monasticism. In this attempt to overthrow the monks, which was partially successful, Æthelwold and his disciples at Winchester must have taken the keenest interest. We can reasonably trace the strength of Ælfric's repeated insistence upon the celibacy of priests to his life under Æthelwold in those years when party strife outside the monastery was waged upon that question, and when it seemed to the Bishop and the monks that all the good to which they were devoting their lives was in danger of being destroyed.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> C. L. White, Ph.D., *Ælfric*, pp. 18-19.

<sup>2</sup> This surely means not that the law of celibacy was regarded as optional, but only that it was not a matter in which physical compulsion could be used.

<sup>3</sup> White, *Ælfric*, pp. 44, 45.

The contrast which this picture presents with the blameless married canons exchanging embraces with their wives and children in the English Church Pageant need not be insisted upon, and it is sufficiently obvious upon the very surface of things that the American writer's judgment has not been biased by any partiality for the system of modern Rome.

To say the truth, there can hardly be a moment's doubt in the mind of any student who fairly considers the evidence, that the law of the Church which was accepted, at least theoretically, throughout Latin Christendom, was equally respected in principle among the Anglo-Saxons. As to the beginnings of English Christianity the matter is clear. In the very first of the answers returned by St. Gregory to St. Augustine's queries it is laid down by the great Pontiff that the only clerics who could be permitted to marry were those "*extra sacros ordines constituti*,"<sup>1</sup> i.e., outside the sacred Orders of Bishop, priest, and deacon. That this principle was accepted by the great English teachers of the next two centuries Dr. Lingard has made abundantly plain by his quotations from Bede and his contemporaries. To multiply examples here would be superfluous, but we may note in illustration of many others which might be appealed to, one such passage as the following :

Without that endowment of chastity which restrains a man from the desire and use of wedlock no one can either take upon himself the priesthood or be consecrated to the service of the altar [as deacon]; that is to say, Orders are forbidden him unless either he has remained single, or on the other hand has broken off the matrimonial contract by which he was bound.<sup>2</sup>

Further, it is quite plain not only that this was the practice in England, but that this was the tradition introduced into Germany by such ecclesiastics as St. Boniface and St. Willibrord. The former we know carried out the directions of Pope Zachary, who explicitly laid down that "from the day of their receiving the priesthood the clergy are to be separated even from their own wives,"<sup>3</sup> and a great part of the missionary's activities were spent in enforcing the observance of discipline on these lines.

Still more striking are the decrees preserved in the Penitentials, in the ecclesiastical and secular legislation of the country,

<sup>1</sup> Bede, *Hist. Eccles.* i. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Bede, *De Tabernaculo*, iii. 9; Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, chap. iv. and xii.

<sup>3</sup> "A die suscepti sacerdotii etiam ab ipso proprio conjugio prohibendi sunt." (Haddan and Stubbs, iii.) This is admitted even by Kemble, *Anglo-Saxons*, ii. 443.



and in works of religious instruction. Nothing perhaps is clearer than the ordinance which stands at the head of a set of dooms of Edmund the Elder about the year 910.

This is the first, that those Holy Orders [*i.e.* ordained ecclesiastics] who have to teach God's people by their life's example, hold their chastity according to their degree, as well of man's degree as woman's degree, whichsoever it may be. If they do not so, they are worthy of that which in the Canon is ordained, that is, that they forfeit their worldly possessions and a consecrated burial-place unless they make bôt.<sup>1</sup>

This pronouncement is the more remarkable that it was drawn up after the death of Alfred and the Danish invasion, but before the great reforms usually connected with the names of Æthelwold and Dunstan. The tone of the penitential canons is always precisely similar, for example :

God's priests and deacons and God's other servants, that should serve in God's temple and touch the sacrament and the holy books, they shall always observe their chastity. . . . If priest or deacon marry, let him lose his Orders.

If any man in Orders, bishop, priest, monk or deacon, had his wife ere he was ordained, and forsook her for God's sake and received ordination, and they afterwards return together again through lust, let each fast according to his Order, as is written above in respect to murder.

To every servant of God, who should serve God in chastity, it is forbidden that he have in his house with him any relation or other woman for any kind of work, lest he through temptation of the devil sin therein.<sup>2</sup>

It matters very little whether these and similar extracts from Penitentials, are the genuine composition of the authors whose name they bear, or whether they are borrowed from the Continent or are translations. The important fact is that they exist in books that were undoubtedly copied in England mostly in the tenth or eleventh centuries for English use and that in a great number of cases they were even translated into the vulgar tongue. Ælfric mentions a "Penitential" as part of the ordinary equipment of the parish priest's little library, and hence it seems highly probable that some of the actual volumes we possess were formerly intended to serve as works of reference

<sup>1</sup> Thorpe, *Ancient Laws and Institutes*, ii. 244. The authenticity of the text is recognized in Liebermann's recently edited *Gesetze der Angelsachsen*.

<sup>2</sup> Thorpe, *ibid.* ii. 196, 198, 272.

to the *parochus* in hearing Confessions and assigning due penance. But the occasional references to the subject in the collections of *Hómilies* by Ælfric and other late writers are even, if possible, more explicit in the enunciation of this very simple principle of clerical celibacy, and they moreover let us see that the authors in many cases appealed to the common knowledge of those whom they addressed. One or two illustrations must suffice, and I take the first from a collection which has been published by Professor Napier and which bears the name of Wulfstan, Archbishop of York during the years 1003-1023. That this discourse, like the majority of the other sermons, was probably the composition not of Wulfstan but of some other ecclesiastic, is a matter of little importance. The passage, at any rate, runs as follows:

And we bid and teach all God's servants and especially masspriests that they obey God and keep their chastity and secure themselves against God's indignation and against those raging flames that seethe in hell. Full well they know that they may not enjoy intercourse with women in any carnal way,<sup>1</sup> and still worse is it that some of them have two wives or more, and some renounce those that they had before and while one wife is still living take another, as it behoves no Christian man to do and especially those who have been ordained and who ought to set an example of good to their fellow men and to put down wickedness. And let them not think this strange to hear because they have made their miserable state so much a matter of custom that there seems no danger in a masspriest leading his life like an ordinary churl.<sup>2</sup>

No doubt this passage testifies to the prevalence of gross neglect of celibacy in practice—this in any case is not disputed—but it also clearly sets before us the point for which I am mainly contending in the present article, that there was no compromise of principle on the part of those in authority, and that consequently it is a gross misrepresentation to insinuate that the Anglo-Saxon clergy in England differed from their contemporaries on the Continent in this that the English priests were held free to marry, while the Continental clergy were not.

Similarly Abbot Ælfric, the best known of all the religious writers of the eleventh century in England, recurs to the subject again and again, but in all these many passages, so far as I have seen, he never gives the slightest hint that the law of the

<sup>1</sup> "Full georne hig witan, thaet hig nāgon mid rihte thurh hæmed thing wifes gemanan."

<sup>2</sup> Napier, *Wulfstan*, Hom. L. p. 269.

Church was uncertain, and that consequently those who refused to observe it might be in good faith. He admits, as we have already seen, that it was impossible to bring physical compulsion to bear upon the wrongdoers, but this is a very different matter from condoning the offence. The burden of all his exhortations may be summed up in the one brief sentence :

God will have in his spiritual service holy ministers who with chastity of body and mind may offer unto Him the Holy Eucharist.<sup>1</sup>

Turning now to the evidence upon which the popular view among Anglicans professes to be based, I think we shall find that it is in quite an extraordinary degree vague and inconclusive. Probably the high authority of Kemble has done much to guide the current of opinion into one particular channel, but as Kemble gives his authorities, everyone is free to estimate the very slender grounds upon which his own judgment was based. He begins by telling us that the great St. Wilfrid himself had a son :

From Eddius we learn that Wilfrid, Bishop of York, one of the staunchest supporters of Romish views, had a son (*sanctus pontifex noster de exilio cum filio suo proprio rediens*, cap. 59). He does not indeed say that this son was born in wedlock, nor does any author directly mention Wilfrid's marriage ; but we may adopt this view of the matter as the less scandalous of two alternatives and as rendered probable by the absence of all accusations which might have been brought against the Bishop on this score by any one of his numerous enemies.<sup>2</sup>

This is worth quoting, if only to show how eager the writer was to find arguments for the view he supported. This very Eddius, who mentions Wilfrid's return *cum filio suo proprio*, also informs us in an earlier chapter that Wilfrid from his birth kept his body without stain.<sup>3</sup> How is it conceivable that if Wilfrid was known to be the father of children, his biographer and contemporary could have used such a phrase? Even Canon Raine, who is not disposed to think too favourably of the practice of celibacy in the North, considers that the relationship must have been a spiritual one.<sup>4</sup> Moreover, we know that another young man who was no sort of relative but who had miraculously been restored to life in his infancy by St. Wilfrid, was popularly known as "*Filius Episcopi*."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thorpe, *Ancient Laws and Institutes*, ii. 366-370.

<sup>2</sup> Kemble, *Anglo-Saxons*, ii. 444.

<sup>3</sup> "Corpus quoque ab utero matris suae integrum sicut coram fidelibus testatus est, sine pollutione custodivit." (Cap. xxi. Raine, *History of Church of York* (Rolls Series), i. 32)

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 89.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 29.

This illustration, then, which is put in the forefront of Kemble's discussion of the subject, cannot be considered to be of any weight. The other arguments (with one exception, to be considered later) adduced by Kemble, Stubbs,<sup>1</sup> and writers of the same standing, consist merely in an appeal to a number of different instances in which there is mention of the children of priests in charters and various other authentic records, some of which direct that a particular benefice is to be hereditary in a priest's family. Now, while it is far from the purpose of this article to maintain that there were not priests, and many priests, in Anglo-Saxon times who lived as married men, still the existence of even a large number of such instances does not show that this usage was sanctioned by authority, and that the canons regarding celibacy were a dead letter. The real fact seems to be that it was a common thing for youths to receive the tonsure without definitely determining to take Holy Orders. In this state they married, but the ecclesiastical discipline of those times allowed them to proceed to the diaconate and priesthood if they desired it or were offered a church. Of course they promised tacitly, if not explicitly, at their ordination either to dismiss their wives or to regard them in future as sisters, but in most cases children will already have been born to them, and even if we suppose that not a single one was unfaithful to his vow, and that consequently the canons were in no way violated, the number of priests' sons would still probably have been very large. To understand how the secular clergy in the ninth and tenth centuries were recruited in England is by no means easy, and even the materials are lacking for forming a satisfactory judgment. One thing seems certain, that we must altogether dismiss from our minds the idea of episcopal seminaries and organized training, and that consequently all modern analogies are apt to be seriously misleading. So far as I have been able to form an opinion,<sup>2</sup> the evidence suggests that a large proportion, if not the majority, of the ordinary parish clergy were married men with families before they received ordination. A cleric looked forward to separating from his wife upon becoming a deacon, just as an ecclesiastical student may now look forward to giving up dancing or hunting or theatre-going. If this be true, we must not on

<sup>1</sup> *Constitutional History* (Ed. 1874), i. 224, note.

<sup>2</sup> One is probably justified in being guided in a measure by the documents of a later age like those contained in the *Libelli de Lite*.

the one hand be surprised that the number of those who are described as "sons of priests" seems disproportionately great, neither are we forced to the conclusion that every mention of an hereditary benefice must imply a flagrant violation of the ecclesiastical canons. If it was a common and lawful thing for a priest to have children before his ordination, there was not necessarily anything very shocking in the idea of providing for a succession of such contingencies. Of course the whole arrangement was from a moral point of view an extremely perilous one. It was not likely to work well, and it is in no way surprising that in later times the Church set her face against previously married candidates for Ordination as part of her normal system. The temptation for priests to resume conjugal relations with their repudiated wives must have been very great, and there must have been hardly less temptation among married clerics to seek Ordination as a means of ridding themselves decently of uncongenial helpmates. No doubt it would be quite wrong to suppose that no consideration was shown for the rights of the wives who were liable to be thus deserted. Indeed, we have positive evidence to the contrary. But there is probably reason to fear that the woman's claim was not recognized as it would be at the present day, and often the improved pecuniary status of the husband as a Mass-priest would be held to be a compensation for a certain amount of injustice done in other ways.

Secondly, it must be very carefully remembered that the word *priest* in Anglo-Saxon had for some reason or other come to be the equivalent of ecclesiastic, and that it did not by any means always mean that the person so designated had received any of the Holy Orders.<sup>1</sup> Hence we cannot safely assume that when a person is described as the "son of a priest," we are necessarily upon the track of a scandal. A passage in Ælfric's *Homilies*, long ago quoted by Lingard, puts this matter very clearly and deserves to be repeated here.

Chastity, says Ælfric, is befitting to every man, and above all to the ordained servants of God. The chastity of a layman is that he hold to his marriage and lawfully for the increase of the race beget children. The chastity of a man in Holy Orders (*thes gehādodan mannes clænnys*) of those who serve God, is that they wholly abstain from fleshly lusts,

<sup>1</sup> I may perhaps be allowed to refer the reader upon this point to my article, CELIBACY, in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, iii. p. 486, and to Dr. M'Gillivray's monograph on "The Influence of Christianity on the vocabulary of Old English."

and it is befitting for them that they beget to God [by baptism] the children which laymen have begotten to this world. To "priests" in minor orders (*gemænes hādes preostum*, literally, to priests of common order) it is allowed, according to the teaching of St. Gregory, that they soberly enjoy wedlock. But to the others who serve at God's altar, that is to Mass-priests (*mæsse-preostum*) and deacons, all use of marriage is wholly forbidden. Three hundred and eighteen bishops established the canon that no Mass-priest nor deacon should have any female in his dwelling unless it be his mother or sister or aunt, and if he secretly or publicly have intercourse with woman that he forfeit his Orders.<sup>1</sup>

The contrast between the word *Mass-priest* and *priest* could not be more strongly emphasized than by this passage, and it is borne out by other examples, as when for instance Bede speaks of St. Wilfrid receiving the tonsure.<sup>2</sup> The Anglo-Saxon version describes him as being "shorn to a priest" though his ordination did not occur until some time afterwards. At the same time the simple word *preost* was no doubt often used in Anglo-Saxon in such a way that we are quite justified in translating it simply as priest.

And this brings me to the one scrap of positive evidence which has been adduced in support of the view that English ecclesiastical authority did sanction the marriage of those in Holy Orders and in this way broke loose from the discipline of Rome. In his *History of the English Church*, Dr. Hunt remarks :

Celibacy was avowedly not practised by the northern clergy. The Law of the Northumbrian Priests declares "if a priest forsake a woman and take another let him be excommunicated." A priest might therefore take a wife and cleave to her without rebuke.<sup>3</sup>

We may accept the accuracy of the text, which has recently been edited again by Liebermann in his *Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, and we may also admit that the word *preost*, without prefix, is used many times in the same collection in a context which can apply only to a fully ordained *parochus*, but for all that I submit that "cleric" or "ecclesiastic" is the only correct rendering. For we are equally told :

30. If a priest fight with another let him make bôt to him and to the bishop.

<sup>1</sup> Ælfric, *Homilies*, Ed. Thorpe, ii. p. 95.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Eccles.* iii 25. (Plummer, i. p. 182).

<sup>3</sup> Hunt, *History of the English Church till the Norman Conquest*, p. 383.

34. If a priest neglect the shaving of beard or of locks let him make bôt for it.

40. If a priest enwrap his tonsure let him make bôt for it.

Clearly in all these cases there can have been no intention of making a law which was to be limited only to priests. It must have been not less penal for deacons or simple clerics to fight or to hide their tonsure. All were equally the Bishop's men. Hence our decree should read literally in modern English :

If an ecclesiastic put away his wife and take another, let him be anathema.

The *anathema sit*, which is the wording of the original, is a strong phrase, and it appears nowhere else in the sixty ordinances. I venture to say that supposing it was at all a common thing for married clerks to be promoted to ordination, this clause of the document can by no means be construed as a recognition of a married priesthood. It, on the contrary, assumes that a man upon his reception of the diaconate or any higher order, had as a matter of course to put away his wife; while there was a special outrage in his taking a new one, which warrants the excommunication expressed by this anathema.

To sum up, it seems to me that the view of early ecclesiastical discipline enunciated in the three extracts quoted at the beginning of this article is both unwarranted and misleading. Dr. Jessopp, in saying that the clergy on the Continent were celibate, while those in England were not, is only paying an, I fear, undeserved compliment to the priests of other lands. The existence of the law against the marriage of those in Holy Orders was not less clearly recognized or more laxly observed in this country than elsewhere in Western Christendom. So again with regard to the "Canons" of Winchester, the assertion that their Rule did not forbid them to marry is contradicted by every account of the transaction preserved to us. The Rule itself is not in existence, and if we assume that it resembled the prototype of all such Rules, that drafted by St. Chrodegang, then, as Dr. Hodgkin puts it, "these priests leading a collegiate life and occupying a half-way position between the parish priest and the professed monk were bound to chastity and obedience, though not to the renunciation of all private property."<sup>1</sup> There seems every reason to believe that

<sup>1</sup> *The Political History of England*, vol. i. p. 353.



the Winchester Canons were intended to sleep in a common dormitory, and married life under such conditions is inconceivable.

As regards Mr. Wakeman, I have incidentally expressed my concurrence in the opinion that many of the Anglo-Saxon clergy were married before ordination, but this once admitted, it becomes impossible to deduce any proof of lax observance from the mere fact that the sons of priests formed a numerous class. Of Dunstan's supposed toleration of clerical marriage I cannot find the slightest trace. The only clear evidence of any surrender of principle, and that avowedly a temporary relaxation in hope of better days, meets us at a much later period when in 1076 the married clergy in country districts were permitted by Lanfranc and the Council of Winchester to retain their wives. Probably the measure was due to the practical statesmanship of William the Conqueror, for several similar decrees meet us in Norman synods a few years earlier.

Viewing the very grievous laxity of morals which, as all serious students must admit, prevailed among the clergy at this period, it may seem to some that the distinction I have tried to draw between principle and practice is a matter of little moment. Still it has probably more importance than meets the eye, for the principle belongs in some sense to the soul of the Church. As Abbot Ælfric puts it:

The Church is holy in body and in soul; she is not however all maiden in body, though she is truly maiden in soul. So far as regards our holy Faith she is all holy, and she is even more truly holy in the holy men who continue in maidenhood [*mægthhæde*, i.e., virginity] in body and in soul.

Ælfric's meaning is not perhaps entirely clear, but there can be little doubt, as the context shows, that he wished his readers to understand that the maintenance of the principle of clerical celibacy belonged in a very direct way to that holiness which is the mark of the Church of Christ.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **Mr. Runciman and his Masters.**

IN the Code of the present year Mr. Runciman required that in all the provided Training Colleges, courses of undenominational Bible instruction should be given for the benefit of those students who desired to receive it, though it was not to be compulsory on any. It was evident that he attached importance to this provision, and it is easy to see why, if the ideal is to prevail for which the present Government has expressed its preference, the ideal, namely, of a similar system in all the Elementary Schools, on the basis of the L.C.C. syllabus. If the teachers are to give this form of instruction, they should be taught how to give it in the Training Colleges. But Mr. Runciman seems to have counted without his hosts. His masters of the Free Church Council, to whose dictation he promised on a notable occasion always to submit himself to the extent of his power, found this new regulation unpalatable. Why they did we do not understand, for we have a vivid recollection of the storms of indignation which broke at the Swansea Conference last March, when one or two of their number brought forward a proposal to banish religious instruction altogether from the State Schools. "Secularism," said Sir George White on that occasion, "would assist Romanism in every possible way, for Romanism had always resisted the placing of the Bible in the hands of the children. There were hundreds of thousands of children who, but for the Bible in Elementary Schools, would grow up ignorant of the Bible." Yet now they set their faces against Mr. Runciman's honest endeavour to train their teachers in the art of Bible-teaching, although they must know well enough that, if they are not taught this in the Training Colleges, the mass of them will be taught it nowhere else. However, the solid fact is that they did set their faces against the new Regulation, and did not

scruple to place Mr. Runciman in the humiliating position of having to dance to their capricious changes of tune at the sacrifice of his own more intelligent sense of consistency. We cannot but pity him, for we feel sure he must chafe under the infliction as any self-respecting man would, and only submits to it because the political situation compels him to do so.

As for ourselves, as long as we are allowed to teach our own religion to our own students in our own colleges, and as long as others, who, like ourselves, have at great expense provided denominational Training Colleges, are allowed their similar just rights, we are indifferent what arrangements the undenominationalists obtain for the publicly provided Colleges which the law allows them to arrange according to their own conceptions. We do not, indeed, consider it fair to the rest of us that they should be thus treated as the spoiled children of the State, but we have no wish to interfere as long as we are left unmolested in our own less favoured financial status. Still, we cannot but observe with interest how the course of events is working out a demonstration of the correctness of our objections to the undenominational "no-tests" system. It claims to be fair to all by confining its religious teaching to such truths and principles as are accepted by all. It may claim this on paper, we contended, but in practice it will not keep within limits, but will be coloured by the opinions, the sympathies, and the antipathies of the individual teachers. In the words quoted above from Sir George White's speech at the Swansea Conference, we have an acknowledgment that he himself approves of the "simple Bible-reading," which is another name for undenominationalism, because he anticipates that, though paid for out of funds contributed by all alike, "it will be so given as to tend to the rooting out of Romanism." A still more striking illustration of the sectarian ends for which, under the colour of undenominationalism, some of its advocates look to see the system worked, is afforded by Dr. Napier's letter to the *Times* of July 17th.

There are many Churchmen [he said] on the [Liberal] side of politics who share my view that a fatal mistake has been made in the abandonment of Mr. Runciman's new regulation. Many of us think that the great defence against Romanism and Anglicanism of a Roman type on the one hand, and secularism on the other, is to be found in the intelligent teaching of Holy Scripture by persons who have in some measure been trained to recognize the composite character of the Bible

and are instructed in the broad results of modern Biblical research and thought. Any one can teach the Bible in a way. Some good people can teach it very ignorantly, but so as to do more apparent good than harm on the whole. But to teach the Bible in such a way that you convey to children the spirit of Christian truth and fact, and yet avoid the danger of subjecting them, when later years bring wider knowledge, to a painful revulsion of thought and feeling, this, indeed, is a difficult task which may well claim the attention of Christian education.

A race of teachers, trained under the supervision of laymen, to teach the Bible in the light of modern knowledge (though not necessarily as Modernists, or New Theologymen) with due reverence for fact and truth, matters too often neglected by theologians, would have been an invaluable asset to the cause of rational Christianity in England. It would have done something to make easier the painful progress towards the inevitable restatement of old truths. It would also have done much to hasten the day when Protestantism will again be able to say that it has got an intelligent theory of the Bible and of religion.

Here we have a distinguished barrister, now a member of Parliament, and formerly a member of the L.C.C., deliberately proposing that the law of undenominational instruction shall be interpreted as sanctioning the inculcation of what he is pleased to call a "rational Christianity," comprising "the broad results of modern Biblical research and thought," and preparing the way for the "inevitable restatement of old truths." We know well what these honeyed phrases mean, and, if this particular educationalist stipulates that the new race of teachers shall not be fashioned into Modernists or New Theologymen, there are other educationalists, with as good a right as Dr. Napier to manipulate the system, who would soon do away with this modest stipulation. And so the road of undenominationalism proves, as we always said it would, to have for its goal the dissolution of religious belief of every sort and species.

S. F. S.

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### **The "Jesuits' Oath" again.**

If we return to this well-worn subject once more, it is only to have the pleasure of putting on record the nearest approach to retraction we have ever been so fortunate as to discover in that section of the Protestant press which makes its livelihood by maligning the Church. The following we consider unique of its kind, for it is apparently spontaneous: no lawyer's letter has called it forth: it is a welcome indication that some glimmering of common-sense still lingers in minds which have been fed from

childhood on the horrors of Rome. It was lately published in a little Evangelical journal which, amongst others, had printed the text of the preposterous "Oath," and it was forwarded to us—another belated sign of grace—from the "Protestant Press Bureau."

With reference to the article entitled, "The Jesuits' Oath," published in the June issue of the *Messenger*, some doubt exists as to its authenticity. We would like to say here that the article was published by us in all good faith, and that, though Mr. Ranken did not tell us that the book from which he copied this extract gave the document from which it was copied, still we thought that, coming through his hands, there could be little doubt as to its authenticity. However, we have instituted enquiries and we shall be pleased to publish the result as soon as possible. Meanwhile we shall be glad if our friends will cease to make use of the leaflets for the present.

As will be noticed the retraction cannot be called very thorough. The Society of Jesus is merely to have a temporary respite, pending the intelligent investigations of the *Messenger*. Perhaps, when these are satisfactorily concluded a more generous acknowledgment of error and even something resembling an apology will follow. Perhaps not. One thing, we take it, is fairly certain, viz. that the "leaflets" will continue to be "made use of:" that brand of Protestantism which employs them can ill afford to lose their support.

J. K.

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### "Our Lord God the Pope!"

We had hitherto thought Dr. W. R. Inge, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, an amiable if not very lucid Neo-Platonist, whose latest book, *Personal Idealism and Mysticism*, was mainly remarkable as showing what singular latitude in belief the Church of England allows to her officials. But our attention has been called to an article of his in the April *Quarterly* which reveals the Professor as capable, in his zeal against Popery, of sinking to a controversial level that marks him of the school of Littledale. He is writing in the *Quarterly* about Modernism and in the course of his article he feels it necessary to give the usual German-rationalist account of the development of the Papacy. Of course those who do not believe in the divine institution and government of the Catholic Church, are compelled to look out for some natural causes, after the style of Gibbon's famous five reasons, to account for

its marvellous growth and preservation. But no German rationalist with any pretensions to scholarship, certainly not Professor Harnack, would, we venture to think, commit himself to such statements as his anti-Papal prejudice suggests to this Cambridge Professor of Divinity. For instance, on p. 573 we find the following—

In the fourteenth century the Pope is already called "dominus deus noster"—precisely the style in which Martial adulates Domitian.

Now we really did think that this venerable falsehood had received its quietus long ago. Will Dr. Inge tell us, like Dr. Horton of old, that he met the expression "in his reading of the renaissance and mediæval German literature"? Or has he been content to take it at tenth or twentieth-hand from prejudiced sources, just because it falls in with his own bitter animus against the Papal system? Neither hypothesis does any credit to his learning and honesty. Perhaps if this Doctor of Divinity would condescend to read anything so humble or so accessible, he would find in a couple of penny C.T.S. tracts—*Does the Pope claim to be God?* and *The Methods of a Protestant Controversialist*—a means to enlighten his ignorance and safeguard his future repute. Yet we fear, to judge from the article before us, that he is one of those men who are, humanly speaking, beyond the reach of enlightenment. What are we to think of the regard for historical truth which inspires glib and groundless generalities like the following—

The same necessity which suppressed democracy in the Church drove it to elaborate an excessive system of taxation in which every weakness of human nature was systematically exploited for gain, and every morsel of divine grace placed on a tariff. But this method of raising revenue is only possible while the priests can persuade the people that they really control a treasury of grace from which they can make or withdraw grants at their pleasure. It stands or falls with a non-ethical and magical view of the divine economy which is hardly compatible with a high level of culture or morals. The Catholic Church has thus been obliged for purely fiscal reasons to discourage secular education, particularly of a scientific kind, and to keep the people, as far as possible, in the mental and moral condition most favourable to such transactions as the purchase of Indulgences and the payment of various insurances against hell and purgatory.<sup>1</sup>

"You cannot indict a nation," Burke has told us: Dr. Inge has no hesitation about indicting what is far greater and vastly

<sup>1</sup> *Quarterly Review*, April, p. 574.

more complex than a nation—the Church of the Ages—and has preferred his charges in the form of insinuations which can only be described as reckless and malignant. Will he dare to say openly that the Catholic clergy, of this country for instance, from the Archbishop downwards, are engaged in a vile conspiracy to extort money from the ignorant and superstitious by “magical and non-ethical rites”? Perhaps he will: we have had painful exhibitions of the power bigotry has to banish charity and stifle intelligence: at all events, it is well that the meaning and implication of his wild assertions should be made very plain. If he himself does not blush for them, some, at least, of his co-religionists may.

J. K.

#### **The Church and Conscience.**

The original *non serviam* of Lucifer is constantly being re-echoed with various degrees of emphasis and directness by those of our fallen race who share his rebellious spirit. Not that it is often uttered openly, in this country at least; the “blatant atheist,” the conscious and formal denier of the idea of God, is happily still comparatively rare. But the spirit of rebellion is very widespread, lurking in different disguises even in the minds of many who would call themselves Christians. Nothing brings this spirit to light more readily than the supernatural claims of the Catholic Church. Contact with these, like the touch of Ithuriel’s spear, detects the hidden evil at once. The outsider, of course, rejects them altogether. With Gibbon and his school he will find you a dozen excellent reasons to explain the growth and persistence of Catholicity. *He* does not need, to account for it, to call in the Holy Spirit, whose presence, moreover, would have the inconvenience of turning his clever criticism into blasphemy. Again, the crypto-heretic—the convert, for instance, who has “reasoned himself into” the Church and who maintains himself there by the same means, or the “born Catholic” who has never grasped the nature and obligations of his faith—these also often stand revealed as rebels at heart when faced by the Church’s claim to direct mind and conduct. The first instinct of such self-sufficient spirits is to repudiate this claim. They will obey, perhaps, but only if they think right to do so. In other words, they constitute themselves judges of the morality of the command; and they do this in the name of that much-abused faculty, conscience. Now, of



course, the Church teaches and no Catholic denies that conscience, in one definite sense, is the supreme subjective norm of morality—*i.e.*, in other and plainer words, that we must always act as really seems to us right at the moment. Our estimate in itself may be quite mistaken, as was that of those who thought that in killing the Apostles they were doing a service to God, but the duty of obedience is none the less imperative. But, in view of the possibility of mistaken judgment, equally imperative is our duty of making sure, by every means in our power, that we do think aright—an aspect of their obligations which many who are fond of pleading devotion to conscience do not sufficiently consider. Conscience, therefore, is supreme, if taken to mean that sense, which we feel, of moral obligation to do right; in this case it is really the pressure of the Divine will on our own. But in the sense of being the sum of our moral judgments, or our reason applied to conduct, conscience, like any other mental state or operation, is exposed to all sorts of error. Thus becomes apparent the fallacy of those appeals to conscience, those protestations of loyalty to truth, which we hear so often in these troublous times from the lips of those who would enjoy the privileges of the profession of Catholicity without undertaking all its obligations. For conscience as a mental act is but a means of reaching the truth, and once the truth is reached on any particular point its function so far ceases. We use it rightly enough to investigate whether God has established on earth any visible organized Body to preserve, expound, and perpetuate His revelation. Once satisfied on that question, once convinced that the Catholic Church is indeed God's work, and His ordinary medium for the communication of grace and truth to men, then obviously the functions of conscience as a means of ascertaining ethical knowledge are to a large extent superseded. We have found the guidance for mind and act that we sought, and in that direction we need seek no more. When once God speaks, either directly or through His accredited representative, human reason must be silent: it must accept the fact revealed, however mysterious the nature of it; it must take the way pointed out, however obscure the issue.

We fail then to see where their boasted loyalty to truth and devotion to conscience enter in the case of those who profess themselves Catholics yet refuse to accept the dogmas of the Church. What is this but to reject authority and fall back

on private judgment? In effect, however they disguise their attitude, these men maintain the right of conscience, in other words, of human reason, to examine with a view to rejection if need be, what by profession they must hold to be divine revelation. They claim, in short, a private revelation plainer and fuller than that given to the Church, by which the latter is to be interpreted. The proper place of these men is with the writer in the *Church Times*<sup>1</sup> who amuses himself by sneering at those

human beings, affecting the style of Catholics, who think themselves bound to subordinate their own conscience to the direction of a priest or of the Church.

As if any Catholic would think of doing so except in the conviction that, by so doing, he would come into more immediate relations with his Creator! The scoffer is of course an Anglican, for it is Anglicans, after all, who can best appreciate the art of professing allegiance to a teaching Church whilst retaining the right of questioning its teaching.

J. K.

#### **The Athanasian Creed.**

On July 7th, the Lower House of the Anglican Convocation resolved

That the *Quicumque vult* should be retained in the Prayer-Book without the existing rubric, and that provision be made for the liturgical use of a form of the *Quicumque vult* without the warning clauses, and that it may be referred to the Committee to say how this may be done.

The Lower House of Convocation cannot bind the members of the Anglican communion, not even the two Houses combined can do that. It is only an Act of Parliament, which is perhaps not obtainable, and which is not at all likely to be solicited, that has power to authorize a change in the Anglican Service Books, or the modes of conducting public worship. Still, this recent Resolution is not likely to be without considerable effect. It marks a further stage in the movement for the rejection of the Creed, and will be a great encouragement to the Broad Church clergy and undogmatic laity who are pressing to have its recitation practically discontinued—a discontinuance which in the face of this growing opposition to

<sup>1</sup> July 23rd, p. 116.

it the authorities ecclesiastical and civil may be trusted to leave undisturbed—or even to treat with private approval. How it will all end no one can say for certain, but in an age which has such a passion for removing ancient landmarks it looks as if the next decade would see the end of the “warning clauses,” and perhaps the next one, the end of the Creed itself as an Anglican formulary, whether for recitation in church or retention in the same category as the Thirty-Nine Articles.

For our part we cannot wonder at this opposition to the Athanasian Creed, which in the present attitude of minds towards religious questions is inevitable. In the *Church Times* for July 23rd, a contributor, writing on quite another subject, had occasion to quote some words from a recent Hulsean lecturer. Referring to the “Roman Church,” the Rev. Neville Figgis said :

We resent its hard outlines, its clear distinctions, its arrogance of certitude ; whilst its attempt to secure an intellectually coercive proof of God's being strikes us as ineffectual and unattractive.

He meant, of course, to draw a contrast between the “Roman Church” and his own Church in this respect, and no one will disallow the justice of the contrast, at all events if we understand by the Anglican Church the great mass of those who at the present day compose its communion. On the contrary, it is a contrast most aptly expressed, only it seems desirable to trace the difference between the two mental attitudes right down to its root.

In itself, most people would agree that it is a good thing, not a bad thing, to strive for “hard outlines” and “clear distinctions” in defining one's ideas of what one knows, and a still better thing if one can attain to an “arrogance” or (at least an “assurance”) of “certitude” that these hard outlines and clear distinctions are correctly marked out. It means all the difference between having confused and exact knowledge of our subjects, and in mathematics or the physical sciences, and, as far as possible, in history and even philosophy, it is a point of honour with us to strive our hardest to pass from the former to the latter. On the other hand, in any subject matter which is of its own nature obscure and unfathomable, it is rightly deemed hazardous to commit ourselves to over-defined statements, for there is the feeling that we have no sufficient warrant for doing so—and run the risk of being some day put to shame for our precipitancy. What then about our religious knowledge? In this,

too, as much as in other departments of possible knowledge, the goal of desire must surely be to be able to mark out hard outlines and clear distinctions, and to be able to indulge in the "arrogance of certitude" that one has marked them out correctly. But here also the question arises, Have we the means of marking them out correctly, and being certain that we have done so? Obviously, the answer to this last question depends on the provision God has made for instructing us on these points. If our Lord Jesus Christ revealed to us a body of truths concerning the mysteries of the Divine Being, and of His own Incarnation and Redemption; and, if, intending these truths to be the guide of Christian belief and worship for the future Christian generations, He instituted a Church, and endowed her with gifts necessary to enable her to keep His teaching secure from error throughout the ages—then we can have the consolation of knowing that we can mark out correctly and with the arrogance of certitude, not, indeed, all that we might wish to know about God and the mysteries in which He envelopes His Being, but at least those hard outlines and clear distinctions which are essential to the preserving from corruption of the particular sublime mysteries which He revealed to us in Christ, and entrusted to the guardianship of His Church. If, on the other hand, we believe that no such divine provision has been made for the safe-guarding of our religious beliefs, no clear revelation by Jesus Christ at the commencement and no divine guidance of the Church in the sequel; and if, in consequence, we find that we have nothing to fall back upon but such provisional "guesses at truth" as devout reason can recommend to us—then we shall necessarily feel that an arrogance of certitude is altogether out of place, and that hard outlines and clear distinctions are things to be resented as precipitate and unreal.

Here, then, we have the ultimate explanation of the difference which led Mr. Figgis to draw his contrast between the Catholic and the Protestant attitude of mind towards religious truth. And it is this which explains the opposed attitudes of admiration and affection for the Athanasian Creed, or of dislike and resentment towards it. A section of Anglicans—but one we fear which represents the ebbing tide among them—share the belief of the Catholic Church—to this extent, at least—about the provision our Lord has made for the guardianship of revealed truth; and these are deeply attached to this splendid "Confession

of our Christian Faith," as their Prayer-Book calls it. Another section—which represents the flowing tide—has departed from that original Catholic conception, and is becoming more and more sceptical and undogmatic; and these proportionately dislike it, as unfounded and fettering to the freedom of their thought.

And no wonder, for the Athanasian Creed is essentially a document marking out "hard outlines" and "clear distinctions," and its "damnatory clauses" are the natural expression of that arrogance of certitude which by some is so much resented; whilst taken as a whole, this Confession of Faith may be aptly characterized as "an attempt to secure an intellectually coercive proof of God's being." How can it be right, if we have nothing better than our own powers of devout conjecture to justify us, to put forth such a tissue of metaphysical subtleties as a profession of faith, and even to wish to enforce acceptance of them on others under pain of eternal condemnation? On the other hand, for those who believe in a divine revelation, and in an infallible teaching Church to guard it, what more natural and becoming than the Athanasian Creed, damnatory clauses included?

The substance of the Creed is not, after all, so abstruse in its meaning. It is in the attempts to explain the "how" of the relations between the Persons of the Trinity, and the Two Natures in the Incarnation, that the theologians have been constrained to have recourse to their metaphysical subtleties, but it is remarkable in the Creed how entirely it abstains from all pronouncements about the why and wherefore, how strictly it confines itself to pronouncements about what is. We may repeat of it what we said in a previous article five years ago.<sup>1</sup> "It merely takes, as it were, from the Catechism, the simplest statement of what the dogmas are—namely, that there are three Persons in one God, and that Jesus Christ is God and Man; and then, by a skilful succession of striking antithetic clauses, it states and re-states these two original propositions, so as to emphasize in turn each one of the various evasions by which, if adopted, their plain though mysterious sense would be destroyed." Nor can it be objected against it that as Bishop Welldon once said, "it is a scholar's creed, and demands a learning, a thoughtfulness, an historical spirit, which cannot be presumed in congregations including a variety of men and women, educated and uneducated, and boys, and girls, and

<sup>1</sup> See *THE MONTH* for October, 1904.

little children." If, indeed, it presupposed in those who meet together to recite it the necessity of being able to prove to themselves by their own personal reasoning the truth of its several articles, then, indeed, it would be outrageous to require its public recitation of any save the highly educated; in which case however, it would be equally outrageous to expect from them the recitation of the Nicene or even the Apostles' Creed. But, as we have said, Catholics, educated and simple, have no difficulty about proofs when they recite together these formularies of faith. For proofs they rest on the authority of the Church. All that is needed is that they should have a sufficient understanding of what is meant for their public recitation to be intelligent, and the real fact is that, given the truth of the Apostles' Creed, the difficulty of understanding this elucidation of its meaning is by no means so great, and some Anglican apologists of it are fully justified in saying that the real objection to it on the part of those who would have it disused is not that it is too abstruse for the people to understand, but that it is too clear for the people to misunderstand.

Then as for the Warning or Damnatory Clauses. These are the Clauses in which it is declared that the faith expounded in the Athanasian Creed is binding on the consciences of men. Thus for instance the final Clause says, "This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man keep faithfully and steadfastly he cannot be saved." But these do not really go one whit beyond our Lord's own words:<sup>1</sup> "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." Words spoken by our Blessed Lord, whether they be commands to act or commands to believe, must be binding on the conscience, and binding under the gravest sanctions. The only qualification of this general truth is for the case of those who, through inconceivable ignorance of the fact that He has spoken and required their faith, have in all innocence declined to submit to a command which does not appeal to them as coming from His lips. But the Damnatory Clauses admit of this. Such clauses are the essential adjunct to a confession of faith made in the full knowledge that it is what He revealed and enjoined. They declare that being from Him they cannot be disregarded save at the peril of the soul. Those moreover who recite these damnatory clauses recite them with reference to themselves. They mean that they themselves understand well that if they refused

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark xvi. 16.

assent to the Creed they would imperil their salvation. It follows that all others whose condition is the same as their own would be in like peril. But they make no statement about their fellow-creatures in general, even about those who do not share their faith. They do, of course, by implication, assert that such people are in an abnormal condition. But in no way do they undertake to pass judgment on their neighbours, and to declare who are and who are not living in wilful disbelief.

S. F. S.

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Reviews.

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I.—THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.<sup>1</sup>

THE fifth volume of this great work ranges from *Diocese* to *Fathers* and completes the third part of the whole. It is inferior to none of its predecessors in variety and importance of contents, in the number and eminence of its contributors and in the excellence of its production. It reveals itself more and more as a truly Catholic undertaking, enlisting in its support scholars from nearly all the countries of Christendom. Having in view its scope and its main appeal to Catholics of the English-speaking nations, it is singularly full and comprehensive. Its standard of strict impartiality in dealing with concrete facts is well maintained whilst its interpretation of them, of course, is that of men who believe in a Divine Providence, a Divine Revelation and a divinely-constituted Church. No attempt is made, however, to conceal or minimize the defects in the human element of that Church. The lives of sinners as well as of saints, of heresiarchs no less than of doctors, are dealt with in all candour, and not only the Catholic faith but every variety of opposing belief is fully expounded. We may instance some of the interesting subjects which the accident of the alphabet has grouped together here. In Theology, the treatise on the *Eucharist* by Professor Pohle of Breslau, which runs to nearly forty columns, is perhaps the most important. The Sacrament of *Extreme Unction* also is discussed with great care, but at perhaps disproportionate length,

<sup>1</sup> An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Vol. V. London: Caxton Publishing Company. Pp. xv, 795. Price, 27s. 6d. net. 1909.



by Dr. Toner, of Maynooth. *Exegesis, Ethics, and Erastianism* are weighty subjects receiving adequate treatment. The subject of Church History is especially rich, embracing as it does the *Donatists*, the *Eastern Churches*, *Eutychianism*, the life of *St. Dominic*, and what especially concerns us in this country, the history of England from the Conquest (the *Anglo-Saxon Church* appears in an earlier volume) with particular reference to ecclesiastical affairs. This latter subject occupies the pens of Father Thurston and Mr. W. S. Lilly, whilst Miss Warren, one of the few lady contributors to this volume, deals with English Literature. Under the heading of Discipline may be ranged the very thorough articles on *Divorce*, both from a moral and a legal standpoint, *Dispensations*, *Excommunications*, *Faculties*, and the like, which give an opportunity to non-Catholics of understanding what they are too apt to write about without sufficient knowledge. Philosophy includes an important historical and critical examination of the various theories of *Evolution*, including *Mendelism* (which we trust will receive a more detailed treatment later on), by Professor Muckermann, S.J., and many smaller articles on various leading points, such as *Essence and Existence*, *Dualism*, *Conservation of Energy*. Many different non-Christian systems also, *e.g.*, *Empiricism*, *Eunomianism*, *Fatalism*, &c., are critically examined in this volume. On the other hand, there is no Biblical question of any great prominence discussed. Amongst geographico-historical subjects, the exhaustive description of *Egypt*, occupying some sixty-five columns, deserves especial mention, whilst the Catholic view of *Education*, as contrasted with others, ancient and modern, is ably set forth by Professor E. Pace, one of the Editors. Amongst other more general subjects, we may mention *Ecclesiastical Art*, by Dr. G. C. Williamson, and *Ecclesiastical Architecture*, by Father H. Lucas, S.J., who takes occasion to give especial commendation to Westminster Cathedral.

The above hasty glance will give sufficient indication of the great value of the contents of the fifth volume of this admirable work. It would not be difficult to indicate defects, especially in the shorter articles, where much compression has been necessary. Cross-references also might be multiplied with advantage, although the final Index will supersede the need of them. But these blemishes can hardly detract from the substantial excellence of the volume. Particular praise is due to the maps and illustrations, especially the full-page plates, which are exceptionally perfect specimens of half-tone work.

2.—HISTORY OF DOGMAS.<sup>1</sup>

About four years ago we reviewed the first volume of M. Tixeront's *Histoire des Dogmes*. We gave it a cordial recommendation which by this time it is not necessary to repeat, so capable is it of standing on its own merits, as a compendious yet satisfying introduction to the study of the Fathers. The author's original plan was to comprise the entire period from the time of our Lord to the age of Charlemagne in a single volume. But he found that he could not get beyond the eve of the great contest with the Arians without making his book unreasonably bulky, and so determined to have two volumes instead of one. In writing the second he discovered that a third would be necessary, and accordingly we have now a second volume carrying the history up to the year 430, with a promise that the remainder shall not be allowed to outrun the volume next to follow. The reader will readily condone this extension of the original plan, for three volumes are not too much if a work of this kind was to be made really serviceable.

In the previous volume M. Tixeront judged it more convenient to treat directly not of the subjects but of the writers, taking each Father in his place in the order of time, and setting down his teaching on all points of doctrine, so far as his extant writings record it. For the sake, however, of readers seeking to trace the history of the doctrines, he provided an analytical index arranged mainly under subject-headings. In the period he has now to deal with, the literature is so full and complex that it was obviously better to invert this method. He has, therefore, extended the scope of his analytical index, which now distributes the entire matter under headings both of authors and subjects, and which is so well drawn up that it will be found invaluable for purposes of reference. Then in the body of the work he has followed the order of subjects. First, in five chapters he narrates the history of the Trinitarian and Christological controversies of the fourth century, up to the time of the condemnation of Semi-Arianism, Apollinarism, and Macedonianism in 381, in the Second Ecumenical Council, and in the *Confessio Fidei Catholicæ* shortly afterwards sent by St. Damasus to Paulinus of Antioch. These chapters trace carefully the gradual working out of the theology of those two

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement de l'histoire ecclésiastique. *Histoire des Dogmes*. II. De St. Athanase à St. Augustin (318—430). Par J. Tixeront. Paris: Gabalda et Cie. Pp. iii, 534. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1909.

fundamental doctrines; the theology of the other doctrines—on Soteriology, Ecclesiology, the Sacraments, Mariology, and Eschatology, and so forth—so far as it was thought out during the period in question, is the subject of a sixth chapter. Next comes a chapter on the theology of the Syrian Fathers, Aphraates and St. Ephrem, and then two on the chief Latin heresies and the Latin theology of the fourth century. In these chapters the author's method is to single out the leaders—namely, St. Athanasius for the first stage, SS. Basil and the two Gregories for the later stage of the Trinitarian controversy, and St. Hilary who took the corresponding part in the same controversy in the West—and round these to group the writers of secondary importance. For these were the five Fathers who were in the strict sense the master-builders of fourth-century theology. St. Jerome was rather a textual critic and commentator, St. Ambrose a great pastor, St. John Chrysostom a great orator and “popularizer” (as we should now say) of the theology which Athanasius, Hilary, Basil, and the Gregories had expounded so magnificently.

For St. Augustine M. Tixeront reserves two final chapters, which occupy a third of the whole volume. This was due to his unique place in the history of theological study.

St. Augustine is, beyond dispute, the greatest Doctor the Church has ever had. If he exercised hardly any influence in the East, he became and has remained, in all the force and extension of the term, the Father, *par excellence*, of the Western Church. In him is resumed and in him is closed Latin Christian antiquity, inasmuch as in his work it found its most precise expression. Moreover, with him the theology of the Middle Ages begins to sprout up, for it is he who prepared the way for it, and its germs are already discernible in his writings. He was the bond of union between the past and the future, and one can say of him in all justice that the Latin Church owes to him in great part the particular form of its religion and its belief.

We may conclude this notice by recommending the study which it does so much to facilitate. By theology is meant the study which, reflecting on the various articles of revelation as the Church's tradition handed them down to the earliest generations of her children, seeks to probe more deeply into their contents, to define more precisely their meaning, and, this done, to correlate them one with another, and so build up out of them, with the aid of such further knowledge as philosophy supplies, that harmonious edifice of truth the elements of which are

partly known by reason and partly furnished by revelation. It is a study which was first taken up in downright earnest when, the period of pagan persecution being over, the Church's leading intelligences had leisure for this severe mental exercise. It is not to be wondered at that in matter so complex errors were broached, many of which had their roots in the previous days of unreflecting faith; nor were those errors incompatible with orthodox sentiments until the time when, under the ordeal of sharp discussion, their peccant quality was detected and branded by authoritative decisions. Even in the writings of Fathers to whom we look back with veneration—even in St. Augustine, to whom we owe so much—expressions and theories can be found which the searching process of discussion eventually showed to be untenable. But through all these toils and conflicts the splendid edifice of truth grew up, and, if in our age we can contemplate it in its completeness, in the age of the fourth and fifth century Fathers we can discern its plan and noble proportions gradually revealing themselves, and its walls duly rising on the foundations so firmly laid.

### 3.—FRANCIA'S MASTERPIECE.<sup>1</sup>

We have long desired to see such a book as this which Mr. Montgomery Carmichael has now given us under the title of *Francia's Masterpiece*. Not that we had had in mind the particular picture which is the subject of this essay, but the great altar-pieces generally, with which the masters of religious art adorned the churches, and enlightened and touched the soul of the people in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and even later. In these days, when the fashion is to look only at the technique and art-values of painting, when creditable art critics can declare that it is only the look of the thing and not the meaning that matters, and that the old religious pictures have no meaning for us to-day, in such times it is a welcome refreshment to read so forcible a vindication of religious value and inward significance of one, at least, of these old paintings. Though the author confines himself to the early representations of the Immaculate Conception in art, and almost exclusively to Francia's picture in the Church of San Frediano, Lucca, the book has a wider interest, and will give pleasure, and we may add instruction also, to every admirer of the old Italian Masters.

<sup>1</sup> By Montgomery Carmichael. London: Kegan Paul. Pp. xxxi, 167. Price, 5s. net. 1909.

It is a model of how the work of these great artists should be studied. In addition to the love and appreciation of this masterpiece, the writer brings a wealth of historical and theological knowledge to bear upon it, without which he could not have shown so conclusively that it represents, not as hitherto generally supposed, the Assumption or Coronation of our Lady, but her Immaculate Conception.

The book proves beyond question that pictures representing this mystery came into existence at least 130 years earlier than is generally supposed. It is written with much vigour and enthusiasm, and with all the grace of style that belongs to the author of *The Life of John William Walshe*. With a touching devotion it is dedicated to the "Holy memory of the Ven. John Duns Scotus . . . upon the occasion of the sixth centenary of his death."

#### 4.—PIETAS MARIANA GERMANICA.<sup>1</sup>

The well-known work of the late Mr. Edmund Waterton, *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, finds a German counterpart, lavishly illustrated in a way to which the English book can make no pretensions, in the handsome volume *Geschichte der Verehrung Marias in Deutschland* recently published by Messrs. Herder. Father Stephan Beissel's name has been so long before the public as a critic in artistic and archæological matters that no doubt can be felt of the adequacy of the presentment of the subject from this point of view. Moreover, the copiousness of the illustration greatly helps out the elucidation of his theme, though on the other hand we altogether fail to see the point of including reproductions of pictures by Führich, Schrandolph, Steinle, &c., in such a volume. The pictures may be good and interesting in themselves, but they have nothing to do with German devotion to our Lady in the Middle Ages. Probably this feature is indicative of what we must regard as the principal drawback of the book regarded as a history of devotional practice. It is, to say the truth, rather too conspicuously a compromise between the scientific and the merely popular and edifying. To us, it seems regrettable that a writer who invests his work with such a display of erudition should still seem to countenance the legend, which even in a popular work like Herder's *Konversationslexikon* is now quietly surrendered, that the

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der Verehrung Marias in Deutschland während des Mittelalters*. By S. Beissel, S.J. Herder. Pp. xii, 678. Price, 15m. 1909.

Rosary was specially revealed to St. Dominic. We say "countenance," because Father Beissel fully admits that the practice of saying fifty or one hundred and fifty Hail Marys was in common use among the Cistercians before St. Dominic's time, also that the Saint did not introduce the practice of meditating on the mysteries or anything else connected with the devotion. Father Beissel can only echo the old assertion, that an ancient tradition of the Dominican Order proclaims the fact of the revelation. Surely we must count it a pity that a writer who overwhelms us with references for many things that do not need proof, should give not the slightest indication of any Dominican writer who within 250 years after St. Dominic's death has either mentioned that the Saint practised any devotion resembling the Rosary, or recommended it to others, or instituted confraternities, or made use of the name. The same spirit of defending *soi-disant* "Tradition," in the teeth of strong evidence, appears to us to be conspicuous in other parts of the volume. Thus, we shall await with interest the fulfilment of the half-promise made upon p. 288 to show how the "Bridgettine" rosary is connected with St. Bridget. Let us confess also that in other matters Father Beissel leaves us unsatisfied. His account of the Hail Mary might have been more complete if he had made acquaintance with certain articles which have appeared in our own pages concerning the *Angelus*. On the *Angelus* itself, for some not too intelligible reason, our author, so far as we can discover, says nothing whatever. Even in his own especial field of archæology there are unaccountable omissions. For example, nothing would be more in place in such a work than some information about those wonderful boxwood carvings which came into fashion at the end of the fifteenth century as terminals to sets of rosary beads, and which, being wrought in the Netherlands, have some connection, at least in a wider sense, with German devotion to our Lady. It may be that this matter will be dealt with in another volume, foreshadowed in the Preface. It will be seen from what has been said that we do not find Father Beissel's book complete or entirely satisfactory, but we should be sorry to leave the impression that we fail to appreciate its stores of erudition and the diligence almost everywhere displayed. Happily there is an excellent Index, and wide as is the range of matters included, it is almost always easy to find what we want. The printers also have done their work well.

5.—NOVATIAN'S "DE TRINITATE."<sup>1</sup>

We are fastidious in spite of ourselves in these times of luxury, and are repelled from the study of the Fathers by the sight of the ponderous and usually dusty tomes in which their works are buried. We have reason then to be grateful to those who are engaged in bringing out selections of their works in dainty little volumes easy to handle, and furnished with scholarly introductions and footnotes of convenient clearness and brevity. The latest volume of this sort in the Cambridge Patristic Texts Series is the *De Trinitate* of Novatian. Novatian was the founder of a schism, and the second of the anti-Popes: still, that need not prejudice the reader against his book, for his secession was on grounds of discipline rather than of dogma; and at all events his doctrine on the Trinity is for his age and its stage of theological comprehension quite as correct as one could expect. On the other hand, his *De Trinitate* enjoys the distinction of being the first theological treatise in the Latin language which originated at Rome—for Tertullian was an African writer. Moreover, Novatian's style is more idiomatic and much more clear than Tertullian's, and the *De Trinitate*, as one cannot fail to see when one reads it in the light of subsequent Trinitarian controversies, exercised an important influence on their course.

Novatian constructs his treatise in the form of a commentary on the three articles of the Creed—which he paraphrases, "I believe in God the Father and Lord Almighty," "I believe in the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord God," and "I believe in the Holy Ghost, promised of old to the Church, and duly bestowed at the appointed season of time." In the commentary on the first of these articles it is remarkable how exactly and fully he states and expounds the very same doctrine which is to be found in modern Catholic treatises. For instance, the charge of anthropomorphism is commonly brought against theistic belief, and words of Scripture assigning to God acts of seeing or hearing, or of smelling, or using fingers, are cited as justifying this charge. It is imagined that this is a weak point in our Christian system to which we had not adverted till

<sup>1</sup> Cambridge Patristic Texts. General Editor, A. J. Mason, D.D. *Novatiani Romane Urbis Presbyteri de Trinitate Liber*. Edited by W. Yorke-Fausset, M.A. Cambridge University Press. Pp. lxiv, 150. Price 6s. net. 1909.



our attention was called to it in recent days. Yet here is Novatian in the third century making answer just as a modern Catholic would do. The anthropomorphisms do not affect the ascriptions we make concerning God, but only the form or figure under which we make them.

Although the divine Scripture often transforms into human form the divine countenance, as when it says "the eyes of the Lord are upon the just," or "the Lord God smelt the odour of sweet fragrance," or speaks of "the tables given to Moses as written with the finger of God" . . . we do not confine the fashion or shape of the divine countenance within these lineaments of our bodily nature but extend it, if I may so say, over the field of its own infinite greatness without any bounds. . . . For by His eyes it is meant that He sees all things, by His ears that He hears all things, by His fingers some expression of His Will is declared, by His nostrils that He appreciates the sweet odour of prayers, by His hands that He is the Maker of every creature. . . . And yet neither organs nor the functions of organs are needful to Him at whose unexpressed (*tacitum*) bidding all things attend and serve . . . for these organs are needful to man, because man's intention would be ineffectual if the body did not execute the thought, but they are not needful to God, at whose will the works come into being not only without difficulty, but forthwith on the sole expression of His will.

In the commentary on the second article of the Creed, one remarks how distinctly and emphatically, nearly a century before the age of Nicæa, this writer insists on the true divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, not hesitating to call Him categorically by the name of God, and bringing together a forcible array of Scripture references in support of this doctrine. Take for instance the following passages out of many.

If the proofs of weakness in Christ amount to an argument from weakness demonstrating that He was man, the proofs of divinity in Him amount to an argument from power demonstrating that He was God. . . . For if it cannot be proved from His acts of power that He was God, it must be hazardous to prove from His sufferings that He was man. We must not then adhere to one side, and shrink from the other, for we cannot attain to the perfect truth if we shut out any portion of truth; for Scripture proclaims Christ to be God just as much as it proclaims God Himself to be man.

Notwithstanding this uncompromising language, it is a question whether Novatian's doctrine was altogether free from Subordinationism. Mr. Yorke-Faussett thinks it was not, and perhaps rightly, still the main argument on which this judgment relies is perhaps not so certain. Novatian, it is true, ascribes

the theophanies of the Old Testament to God the Son, on the ground that God the Father is invisible, God the Son visible, but he may mean that God the Son is visible in His assumption of humanity of which the semblance of human form in the theophanies was a foreshadowing.

It is difficult to think that Novatian ascribes divinity to the Holy Ghost, and, although the treatise is inscribed *de Trinitate*, he nowhere speaks of a Trinity of Persons. He resembles in this respect the other writers of his generation, for undoubtedly this doctrine, like many others, underwent a course of development as regards the realization of its full significance by the faithful. Still, Novatian lays down the premises for such a development by ascribing to the Holy Spirit attributes clearly divine.

Mr. Yorke-Faussett is to be complimented on this useful little volume. His notes are just what one needs, and the little abstracts which he prefixes to each new division of the argument will be a great help to the reader. The theological matter in the Introduction is on the whole correct, though sometimes, as in the section on "Personality," there is a want of firmness in the touch, which a fuller acquaintance with Scholastic writers would have remedied. A little predisposition to judge adversely anything said or done by a Pope may be condoned in an Anglican writer.

## 6.—CHRISTIAN ENGLAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.<sup>1</sup>

The contribution made by Abbot Cabrol to that very useful series, the *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement de l'Histoire ecclésiastique*, is an able and interesting volume upon English Church History during the Roman and Anglo-Saxon period. It is a work perhaps which needs to be judged from a French rather than an English point of view. Neither constitutional questions nor controversial questions which are wont to occupy so much attention in English manuals of similar scope are made very prominent here, and it may frankly be admitted that the work gains in readability from the omission. On the other hand, as was to be expected of Abbot Cabrol, the liturgical and palæographical aspects of his subject are more fully treated than is

<sup>1</sup> *L'Angleterre chrétienne avant les Normands.* Par Dom Fernand Cabrol, Abbé de Farnborough. Paris: V. Lecoffre. Pp. xxiv, 342. Price 3 50 fr. 1909.

common in works of this size and character. In particular, there is a very full bibliography, of which our only criticism would be that to be useful to French students, who presumably are not likely here to be able to select judiciously for themselves, it would perhaps have been well to give some clearer indication of the relative value and authority of the almost innumerable works mentioned. Where such guidance is attempted, we are not quite sure that we always agree with the author, for example when he says,<sup>1</sup> that the best account of the life of King Alfred is to be found in Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. On the subject of Anglo-Saxon verse and prose, the best authority, *i.e.* *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, seems not to be mentioned, while occasionally a name has been misprinted, *e.g.* Coedmon throughout for Caedmon, Collancz for Gollancz, &c. Still taking it as a whole and with due relation to the writer's purpose, this is an excellent and carefully compiled essay, and it is quite worthy to rank with the best of the volumes which have preceded it in the same series.

#### 7.—BLESSED MOTHER BARAT.<sup>2</sup>

We have rarely met a biography which within the moderate compass of a couple of hundred pages succeeded in conveying so lifelike a portrait of its subject as that presented in the book before us. Of course M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison is a past-master in this kind of work, and although he is much too artistic to obtrude his own erudition, his exceptionally wide acquaintance with France, and especially with the religious life of France during the period of Mère Barat's greatest activity, must have helped him much indirectly in those very slight touches with which he has lightly sketched in the background of the picture. But M. de Grandmaison has had no space to waste on accessories, and he has clearly devoted all his energy to the portrait itself. The task must in many ways have been a difficult one. In a life like that of Blessed Mère Barat there is not much story to tell, despite the extraordinary development with which God deigned to bless her efforts. But all the more important aspects of her life are very effectively brought before us, and after the religious side of her character, the author has deservedly given the first place to her educational work, for

<sup>1</sup> P. 216.

<sup>2</sup> *La Bienheureuse Mère Barat. (1779—1865.)* Par Geoffroy de Grandmaison. Paris : V. Lecoffre. Pp. viii, 206. Price, 2 fr. 1909.

through that undoubtedly, more than in any other way, the Blessed Mother Barat left her impress on the nineteenth century. Probably no statesman of those years between 1820 and 1850 has produced anything like the same effect in moulding the minds of succeeding generations, as that humble and saintly Religious, half of whose life was spent in converse with God. We have no doubt that this volume of the series *Les Saints* will not long lack a translator, and the book deserves to be made more widely accessible in an English dress.

*Short Notices.*

THE latest compilation of the C.T.S.—**A Brace of Bigots**—(1s.) may almost be classed with those seasonable products, the “Books for Holiday Reading.” For it contains some of Mr. James Britten’s most vivacious writing about the two hapless persons pilloried in the title—Dr. Robert Horton and Mr. Joseph Hocking. The treatment they receive is none the less severe because lively in style, nor yet is it too severe for their deserts, for, whatever be their motives, these two gentlemen have spent a good deal of their time (to say nothing of their talents) in trying to draw down odium upon their Catholic fellow-citizens. Conscious as we are of our own harmlessness, and of the benefits the profession and practice of the true religion must necessarily bring upon the State as well as upon its individual members, we cannot but resent such ignorant and persistent persecution, and we must rejoice when it meets, as here, a thorough and effective exposure. In addition to Mr. Britten’s papers, six in number, dealing mainly with Mr. Hocking, two others are devoted to Dr. Horton by the Revv. Sydney Smith, S.J., and Joseph Keating, S.J., the latter of whom edits the volume and analyzes in an Introduction some of the phenomena of bigotry. We have little hope that this exposure of their methods will silence these Protestant champions. As bigotry is a species of *dementia*, it is unassailable by reason and logic, and as it is devoid of the sense of humour, laughter spends its shafts on it in vain. But the saner section of our forty millions would assuredly profit by being shown in so clear a light the essential silliness and sinfulness of this religious malady.

The duty incumbent on all intelligent beings of seeking the truth stands in no danger now-a-days of being ignored, but it would seem that the duty of clinging to the truth when found is not so universally recognized. Hence, while many, following the gleam, are led into the full day of Catholicity, others are found to leave the light for the darkness, whether it irks them to make conduct square with knowledge or they are daunted by the sterner difficulty of bringing their reasons into subjection to the yoke of Christ. The biography of **Albert Hetsch** (Beauchesne, 2 vols., 5.00 fr.), which tells the story of one who began with a belief in the irresponsibility and autonomy of the human mind and ended by recognizing its limitations, is a rebuke to Catholics who trifle with their faith and wish to pick and

choose amongst its doctrines. Hetsch was a German free-thinker in his youth, nourished on the philosophy of Hegel and the negations of Strauss, and sent to Paris to pursue his studies in medicine. There he extended his reading to Catholic systems of philosophy, history, and even theology, and ended by becoming a Catholic and a priest. Under the influence of the great Bishop of Orleans, he entered his diocese in 1851 at the age of thirty-nine. Most of his priestly life, distinguished by uncommon holiness, was spent as Mgr. Dupanloup's collaborator in the work of education, to which that great prelate devoted his energies. He did not follow the Bishop in his opposition to the definition of Papal infallibility, but remained his trusted friend notwithstanding. He died at Rome in 1876 at the age of sixty-three.

An old Jesuit writer, Father Nicholas Paulmier, who died in 1702, and who seems to have known the Holy Scriptures by heart, occupied himself in setting forth, wholly in the words of the Bible, the chief points of the spiritual life as developed in the Exercises of St. Ignatius. This has lately been reprinted at Innsbruck (Schmitt, 2.50 fr.) in an octavo volume of nearly 400 pages. One might call it a Concordance applied to the Exercises, for it illustrates the fact that the doctrine of that wonderful book is solidly established on the word of God. As divine truths appeal with greater force when expressed in inspired language, the book will be very useful to the directors of retreats, as well as to those who make them privately.

It is fitting that a new compendious **Life of Mary Ward** (Burns and Oates, 2s. net.) should be published this year, in view of the fact that the Religious Congregation which she instituted has been permitted again by the Pope to claim and acknowledge her as their Foundress. Why they should ever have been prohibited may be read in the story of her life and the after-career of her Institute, which is lucidly summarized by Abbot Gasquet in his Preface. The history of Mary Ward herself, no less than the fortunes of her Congregation, is full of interest and edification, and we trust that her formal recognition as the Spiritual Mother of so important an auxiliary of the Church Militant may be the prelude to further honours at the hands of the Holy See which she loved and served so heroically.

The Rev. G. Hitchcock has followed up his little book on *Sermon Composition*, which we noticed last year, by a companion volume on the hardly less important subject of **Sermon Delivery** (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net.), dividing his remarks into two sections, concerning respectively *Voice and Speech, Deportment and Gesture*. For the most part the author keeps in mind that general precepts are useless without examples, and he descends to minute particulars regarding the management of the vocal organs and the attitudes of the body. Whether his various exercises would in every case produce the results desired, is a question which experience alone could answer. But having in view the importance of the subject and the disastrous consequences of its neglect, we consider that the experiment is well worth making.

If **The Shadow of the Cathedral** (Constable, 6s.) has really, as the publisher's advertisement says, "achieved marked success not only in Spain but in all the principal countries in Europe," that success cannot be due to the merits of the story which is exceedingly dull, but is possibly attributable to the anti-clerical animus which inspires the methods of its author, Vincent Blasco Ibañez. The material fabric of the Cathedral of Toledo and its history are described with minute care, and we are prepared to accept the account of the various lay-functionaries of the great edifice as a credible

picture, but we must utterly repudiate the characteristics which the author would have us believe belong to the modern Spanish clergy. By the process of collecting the vulgar gossip of a Cathedral city and representing an occasional clerical scandal as the normal and necessary result of the system, the author has interwoven a coarse thread of intrigue with what might have been a readable guide to Toledo and its Cathedral. But, in spite of that inspired advertisement, we have grave doubts of the book's success. It is overweighted. Less Cathedral and more scandal would have floated it better. As it is, it would take a very conscientious anti-clerical to get through it. And no one else will care to go very far.

Another book by Père Vermeersch, S.J., similar in form to that we noticed last month, has been translated by Madame Cecilia under the title, **Practical Devotion to the Sacred Heart** (Washbourne, 3s. 6d. net). It is a compendium of Meditation and Prayers, calculated to stimulate devotion to the symbol of our Lord's love and sacrifice, and arranged so as to explain our duties and obligations to It. Whilst very full and suggestive, it is beautifully bound and printed, and small enough to be used as a manual of prayers.

The study of economic questions was never so general as to-day, when the incidence of taxation threatens to become more and more widely spread. We consider Father Power's lecture, called **At the Root of Socialism** (Sands, 3d. net), a very useful contribution to sane thinking on the subject. In clear and vigorous language he places before his Socialist audience the Catholic view of property, its duties and its rights, showing exactly how far the Church sympathizes with their views of modern industrial disorders, and where she is compelled to condemn them. It is much to the credit of the Edinburgh Social Democratic Federation that they invited and listened patiently to such plain speaking.

In eight little discourses published under the title of **The Inward Gospel** (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net), Father Strappini, S.J., develops in a pleasing and suggestive way some of the principles underlying the religious life. A ready gift of illustration, and more than a spice of quiet humour, give to these addresses considerable point and freshness, and make them very suitable for private as well as community reading.

The old proverb, *homo homini lupus*, is inevitably suggested to one's mind by the perusal of such books as **The Terror in Russia** (Methuen, 2s. net), by Prince Kropotkin. We should not naturally consult the fixed opponent of any political *régime* for a final understanding of its true character, but even if a fraction only of the evidence quoted by the author is true—and it is incredible that it all should be false—it reveals the fact that the fountain of justice itself is contaminated, that law is not always respected by its representatives and its administrators, that wrongdoing is repressed by wrongdoing, and that in many cases the elementary liberties asserted for this country by Magna Charta seem still beyond the reach of the Russian people.

Dom Odo Blundell, O.S.B., of Fort Augustus, continues in **The Catholic Highlands of Scotland** (Sands, 3s. 6d. net) the sketches of Scottish Catholicism which he published two years ago in his *Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland*. We have reason to be grateful to him for giving substance and reality in this handsome volume to the constant tradition that the old faith survived the cruelest persecution in the fastnesses of the Highlands, as in Ireland. By whose means and through what difficulties

this glorious result was achieved may be read in great detail in these pages, which in addition to the valuable historical matter they contain are adorned by a number of beautiful illustrations of Highland scenery.

Miss Gavan Duffy has translated a volume of short sketches of Parisian life by M. François Veuillot, called *Humble Victims* (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.). As the title indicates, they are concerned with people of little account, the poor and the workers, and yet they are not all tragic. The moral of each tale is as good as it is evident, and the little plots are managed with considerable ingenuity. The translation is well done, only a few words here and there betraying the French original.

*Strophes Galloises* by Père Humblet, S.J., owe their title to the fact that many of them were composed while the author was studying theology at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, which overlooks the famous Vale of the Clwyd. And the book itself bears eloquent traces of the fact, for, while one section is devoted to thoughts inspired by the natural beauties of the neighbourhood, another—a series of sonnets—describes in vivid pictures the characteristics of the great personalities one encounters in the divine science. The rest of the book contains poems about Belgium and the various essays in self-revelation that all poets are impelled to make. Without entering into details, we may say that these pages reflect a mind gifted by nature and trained by art in poetical expression. The author has a keen sense of colour, is open to all influences of Nature, and often succeeds in expressing a striking thought in a clever phrase.

We can imagine that the *Sacred Scenes from our Lady's Life* (Burns and Oates, 1s. net), which Miss Isabelle Kershaw has written would be very effective, if properly staged and acted. Even as read they are impressive, being described in careful metrical language with no little imaginative power. It is, of course, inevitable that dialogue, conducted in blank verse, should sometimes seem stilted and unnatural. More exception perhaps might be taken to some of the words and actions ascribed to our Lady which have not that deep-seated and dignified repose which one associates with her perfect character.

There is nothing to find fault with, but much to admire, in the material equipment of *The Book of the Lily, and other Verses*, by a Sister of the Holy Cross, which reaches us from the Ave Maria Press. And the verses themselves are instinct with a tender piety which makes one less disposed to complain of an occasional roughness of metre and expression of undisguised prose. Although the theme, the perfections of our Lady, is inexhaustible, yet the metaphors to illustrate it are not so—a fact which takes their freshness from several of the little poems.

More ambitious in design and reaching greater heights in performance is a collection of anonymous poems which is sent us from Bristol (William George's Sons) and called *The Angel in the Sun, and other Poems*. The poem which supplies the title is a long blank-verse series of reflections on the history of the Chosen Race, and its ultimate culmination in the establishment of Christianity. The lines glow with Eastern imagery and are rich with Biblical allusion, and there are many descriptive passages of great beauty, but the construction is weak and the whole effect cloying. It needs a Milton to conduct such an enterprise with success, and the attempt was often too much for him. The other pieces in the volume are mainly "occasional" Odes, which show considerable power of word-painting.

*Father Jim*, by J. G. R. (Ave Maria Press), is evidently a narrative



based on fact and dictated by gratitude, but in the absence of any means of identification, or of any but the most obvious lesson, it is not easy to see why the little pamphlet should have been published.

**Blessed Joan of Arc** (by a Religious of the Sacred Heart). The accomplished Sister, who has had a wide experience of dramatic work, having written as many as ten plays, suitable particularly for convent schools, has done nothing better than this last. *Joan of Arc* is written in blank verse. It tells the story of the Blessed Maid's life and death. It sets before you a series of pictures, and the word-painting is well done. It was the writer's good fortune to be present when the drama was first acted. It was beautifully staged and beautifully played, but even under less favourable circumstances this pretty, pathetic piece of work would be sure of arresting the attention, of awakening the sympathies, and of enkindling the zeal of any audience.

What is equivalently a pictorial history of the chief College of the Society in England has lately been issued by the Arden Press with the simple and sufficient title of **Stonyhurst** (Price 5s. net : obtainable from the College). It is a collection of collotype views of the establishment and its surroundings, prefaced by a short sketch of its romantic history. Each picture has explanatory letter-press which serves to relate the career of the School up to the present day. The book is one the subject-matter of which will naturally commend it to all in any way connected with the College, whilst its artistic excellence will, we venture to predict, make it acceptable to a still wider public.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

*From the Authors :*

STROPHES GALLOISES : By L. Humblet, S.J. Pp. 239. IL SENTIMENTO GIURIDICO : By G. Del Vecchio. 2nd edit. Pp. 26. Price, 1.50 l. 1908. THE ANGEL IN THE SUN AND OTHER POEMS.

*Ave Maria Press, Indiana :*

FATHER JIM : By J. G. R. Pp. 30. Price, 10 cents. 1909. THE BOOK OF THE LILY : By a Sister of the Holy Cross. Pp. 123. Price, \$1.00. 1909.

*Beauchesne, Paris :*

JEANNE D'ARC ET SA MISSION : By Chanoine P. H. Dunand. Pp. xx, 374. Price, 3.50 fr. 1909. DICTIONNAIRE APOLOGETIQUE DE LA FOI CATHOLIQUE (A. d'Alés). Fasc. 2de. Aumône—Concordats. Price, 5.00 fr. 1909.

*Benziger Brothers, New York :*

A PRIVATE RETREAT FOR RELIGIOUS : By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.S.S.R. Pp. 479. Price, 6s. net. 1909.

*Bibliothèque d'Histoire Moderne, Paris :*

LA CONSPIRATION REVOLUTIONNAIRE DE 1789 : By Gustave Bord. Pp. xxii, 447. Price, 7.50 fr. 1909.

*Burns and Oates, Ltd., London :*

SACRED SCENES FROM OUR LADY'S LIFE: By Isabelle Kershaw. Pp. 144. Price, 1s. net. 1909. SERMON DELIVERY: By Rev. G. Hitchcock. Pp. 82. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1909. LIFE OF MARY WARD. With Introduction by Abbot Gasquet. Pp. xxv, 140. Price, 2s. net. 1909. THE INWARD GOSPEL: By W. D. Strappini, S.J. Pp. 121. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1909.

*Cambridge University Press :*

ECCLESIASTICUS IN GREEK: Edited by J. H. A. Hart. Pp. 378. Price, 10s. net. 1909.

*Constable, London :*

THE LAST DAYS OF PAPAL ROME: By R. De Cæsare. Pp. xxiii, 488. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1909. THE SHADOW OF THE CATHEDRAL: By V. B. Ibañez. Pp. 341. Price, 6s. 1909.

*Herder, Freiburg :*

ELEMENTA PHILOSOPHIAE ARISTOTELICO-THOMISTICAE: By P. Jos. Gredt, O.S.B. Vol. I. Logica: Philosophia Naturalis. Edit. altera. Pp. xxv, 496. Price, 9.25 fr. 1909.

*Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., London :*

THE PROBLEM OF EVOLUTION: By Erich Wasmann, S.J. Pp. xiv, 266. Price, 6s. net. 1909. THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT: By J. Rivière, D.D. Translated by Luigi Cappadelta. 2 vols. Pp. xiv, 323, 271. Price, 7s. 6d. each. 1909.

*Longmans, Green, and Co., London :*

ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS: By Charles Gore, Bishop of Birmingham. New Edition. Pp. vii, 215. Price, 6d. 1909.

*Methuen, London :*

THE TERROR IN RUSSIA: By Prince Kropotkin. Pp. 74. Price, 2s. 1909.

*Sands and Co., London :*

AT THE ROOT OF SOCIALISM: By Father M. Power, S.J. Pp. 36. Price, 3d. net. 1909. THE CATHOLIC HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: By Dom Odo Blundell, O.S.B. Vol. I. The Central Highlands. Pp. xiv, 229. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1909. THE CHRONICLE OF THOMAS OF ECCLESTON: Translated by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. Pp. xxxix, 168. Price, 2s. 6d. net. THE LIFE OF BLESSED JULIE BILLIART: Edited by Father James Clare, S.J. New Edition. Pp. xxxii, 559. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1909.

*Schmitt, Innsbruck :*

EXERCITIUM SPIRITUALIUM MEDITATIONES SACRAE SCRIPTURAE VERBIS CONTEXTAE: a N. Paulmier, S.J. Pp. xvi, 398. Price, 2.50 fr. 1909.

*R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., London :*

PRACTICAL DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART: By A. Vermeersch, S.J. Translated by Madame Cecilia. Pp. 454. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1909. HUMBLE VICTIMS: By François Veuillot. Translated by S. Gavan Duffy. Pp. ix, 291. Price, 3s. 6d. 1909.

## SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

### Summary of Contents.

#### I.

##### **Analecta Bollandiana.** (1909). III.

- P. Peeters.*—An Armenian Passion of St. George.  
*A. Poncelet.*—The Life of St. Gombert d'Ausbach.  
*H. Moretus.*—The Relics of the Cathedral of Osnabruck in 1343.  
*H. Delehaye.*—The Greek Hagiographic MSS. of the Escorial.  
*U. Chevalier.*—Repertorium Hymnologium, Supplement.

#### II.

##### **Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie.** (1909). III.

- J. Bock.*—The Didache, caps. ix., x.  
*S. Grun Grgimaylo.*—The Philosophical Assumptions of Modernism.  
*F. Maurer.*—Sin and its Wages.  
*J. Douat.*—The Modern Idea of Freedom.

#### III.

##### **Revue Bénédictine.** (1909). III.

- G. Morin.*—An unprinted Priscillianist Tractate on the Trinity.  
*A. Wilmart.*—An Ancient Gregorian Missal.  
*R. Ancel.*—The Indictment and Fall of the Carafas.  
*P. Denis.*—St. Maur and Jansenism.  
*P. de Meester.*—The Theology of the Orthodox Church.

#### IV.

##### **Rassegna Gregoriana.** May—June

- R. Baralli.*—The abbreviation *st* in the musical MSS. of St. Gall.  
*K. Ott.*—The Ingressæ of the Ambrosian Liturgy.

- F. Cabrol.*—The liturgical treatment of the Descent into Hell. Notes and Details.

#### V.

##### **Stimmen aus Maria Laach.** (1909). VI.

- H. Pesch.*—Strikes and Lock-Outs.  
*J. Bessmer.*—Telepathy.  
*S. Beissel.*—The History of Prayer-books.  
*V. Cathrein.*—Monistic Evolution and Ethics.  
*A. Baumgartner.*—Leopardi the Poet of Pessimism.

#### VI.

##### **Revue des Questions Historiques** (1909). III.

- J. Vidal.*—The Albigenian Clergy.  
*P. Allard.*—Sidonius Apollinaris in retirement.  
*R. Ancel.*—Paul IV. as a Reformer.  
*R. Lavollée.*—The Earthquake at Messina in 1783.  
*L. Madelin.*—Cardinal Mathieu and the Concordat of 1801.

#### VII.

##### **Studien und Mittheilungen.** (1909). I.—II.

- P. Claramunt.*—The Demonstrability of the Existence of God.  
*J. Paech.*—The History of the Abbey of Lubin.  
*C. Schmitt.*—St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany.  
*F. Bliemetzrieder.*—The opinion of the Faculty of Law at Padua on the Election of Urban VI.  
*T. Hahsa.*—Hymns to St. Stephen Harding.  
*T. Bühler.*—Dom Dominic Machado.

